













only a Fiddler

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Sms.' with a stylized flourish above the letters.

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# ONLY A FIDDLER.

## CHAPTER VII

' La Jeunesse est le temps des illusions '

VOITURNIER

Schön bist Du  
Das weißt Du  
Nun leider zu sehr  
O wusstest  
Du's minder  
So warst Du es nicht •

FR. RUCKERT

ABOUT the park at Odesse winds a footpath, that leads from one end of the town to the other. There Christian and Lucy often took this walk when they were together. It was in August, and Lucy had just arrived for a few months in the town, in compliance with Weick's orders, for the purpose of



cow!' In either of these risks there is nothing great to be gained; but I would willingly venture my life for a stake worth playing for."

"And why wilt thou be different from other men?" asked Lucy; but she stopped. They were arrived at the other side of the suburbs; the footpath turned off, and they saw in the road an old woman, who wore one of the usual man's hats, on which she had stuck a soldier's feather, and dressed it out with faded artificial flowers. A troop of children ran after, who shouted and laughed at her."

"That is the mad shoemaker's wife," said Christian. "She has the children at her heels."

"The poor creature!" sighed Lucy, and turned pale. The remembrance of the former state of her own mind pressed sore upon her, but without her supposing that Christian had been aware of it.

"Poor woman!" said he; "but, perhaps, she is not sensible of her misfortune."

Lucy shook her head doubtfully.

"Let us thank God for what he has given us," said she; "and let us pray to him that we may not lose what we possess. That is of more import than to fly to the sun, or sail to the North Pole. God has given us all so much, that it is a sin to yearn after more than common blessings."

"But that I do," said Christian with youthful enthusiasm. "I will be renowned, or care not to live."

"And yet thou art a right good child," said Lucy, as they parted with mutual adieus.

Christian wended his way back. Then some one seized him by the arm. It was the mad woman:

"Art thou not the son of the holy Larkins," she

inquired, and our hero,—who really was no hero,<sup>1</sup> but had desired to go tiger-hunting in the African forests, and make discoveries in the clouds, and at the Pole,—became burning hot in the presence of the mind-alienated woman; looked at her a moment, and then ran off. It was well that no one saw him.

Adventurous thoughts belong to youth. They plunge boldly into the stream; learn to swim, and often succeed in the attempt. At a later age people reflect,—deliberate,—put off till it is too late, and act the man in the parable, who buried the money entrusted to him in the earth, whilst the rash and daring venture and win. Happy youth! a thousand roads to fame and fortune are open to thee.

A crowd of wonderful ideas passed through Christian's soul; but they succeeded each other with the rapidity of horses in the race-course. Lucy had shaken her head, and called him "a child." She related to him how she herself, when she was a little girl, had often thought of seeking for an immense treasure that would make her the greatest lady in the world; and that she had taken a spade, sometimes, to dig in the garden; sometimes in the field, in the hope of hitting upon the hidden store. Even so childish did she deem all Christian's high-flown plans.

After such conferences, he went home always in an ill-humour with her, but in the course of a few hours the good understanding between them was re-established. He felt that Lucy was, in the whole, right, and that annoyed him; and that extravagant thought which • he had expressed: "I will be renowned, or wish to die!" lay like a crime accomplished, heavy on his heart. When he was alone, therefore, he prayed God

for forgiveness, and felt some tranquillity of mind in supplication. Soon, however, he did as the Catholics do after absolution,—added to the old register of sins.

One joy stood before his eyes: for many months he had been promised to make the “Count-journey,” as Madame Knepus called it, which was to take place this winter. Five years had transpired since the great lord had passed a winter on his estate at Fyen, and as many since the authorities and artists of the neighbourhood had celebrated the festive birth-day at the splendid mansion.

Herr Knepus and Madame Knepus had both an eye to economy, and therefore looked to it in making preparations for the journey. They hired an old rickety carriage, and packed therein the provisions, then the violin-cases, and lastly themselves. Christian took his place between them. The back seat was occupied by (as travelling companions,) an official with his wife, child's maid, and child. To keep them warm a counterpane was laid over the knees of the assembled party. Right over Christian's head a lanthorn was hung, that almost singed his hair; and on the counterpane lay a knocking board, to thump on by way of pastime for the child, Knepus.

They chose the night for travelling, so as to arrive in the morning at the Hall, and resolved to return the next night in the same way. By this arrangement they avoided the expense of inns, and saved the drink-money and the hire of the carriage for twelve additional hours, all which put together was a prudent economy.

In the close-carriage they slept gloriously, and the night's journey reminded Herr Knepus of a tour he



had made four years before in North Germany, by the diligence.

Of the second married couple in the coach, we have nothing remarkably characteristic to notice. The Madame had once had a severe nervous fever; and all her reminiscences dated from before or after her illness. Her husband had nothing remarkable about him: so we must make a jump over many years to find any traits of him worth recording. He was once an admirer of the Travels of Nicolai, "Italy as it really is."

The snow lay deep and warmed the farmer's corn fields in the hard frosty weather; but the road was well tracked: the wheels rolled swiftly over it in the starlight night. Christian was very happy.

In the village public-house, two miles from the mansion, they halted for some hours, not to be too early at the Hall. The reddish morning clouds, the white snow, and the green pine-wood, made a very *enchanted* landscape.

Near the smith's forge hung, on the top of a withered poplar, an empty stork's nest, whose owners now, perhaps, were taking their morning drink out of the sources of the Nile. Christian looked at the nest with the same melancholy reminiscence that comes upon us when we find again some dried flower which we have laid between the leaves of our Bible, when children.

Now lay before them the noble mansion, with its range of stabling and out-houses. The hall was divided into two parts,—the old and the new. The road wound round the ancient Fosse, which was frozen over; but the glacia, though in decay, had not been allowed to fall down. The old place, with its thick red walls, few windows, the tower, and the loop-holes, shewed no

great accommodation or comfort; but the new buildings, on the contrary, consisted of two stories. The entrance to *them* was by broad stone steps, ornamented on each side by sphynxes. The house-passage was not unlike that of a great conservatory; exotics and flowers stood there on either hand, and the cold pavement was covered over by carpets. Here every thing was warm and comfortable. All the requisites which belong to the winter quarters of a Danish country-house were there in rich abundance. On the glacis sledges were wheeling about the Fosse, and the Danish flag was waving in the air.

In the little avenue of hazel-nut trees, a *mountain-Russe*, of a tolerable height, had been formed; and on the great bleaching ground stood two colossal statues of snow, with eyes of coal, and shields of ice; one with a hop-pole, glittering with the same substance, as a spear in his hand. Between both these snow-knights cannon were firing, as a welcome to the guests while their healths were drinking.

And now *Dilletantes*, among whom was a Priest and a Burgomaster, are playing under Herr Knepus's direction, as leader of the band behind the green curtain in an adjoining room. On the table lay rich birthday presents, and in the centre of them a flower-piece of Naomi's work, and three other pictures of similar materials: an exhibition true to nature. The beautiful sylph-like maiden, who combined the child with the woman, and possessed the loveliness of both in a high degree, stood near a savage dog that was her especial favourite. The great beast laid his black paws upon her fair shoulders, whilst his red tongue hung out of his jaws. The pretty girl appeared indeed as though she

would only make a light breakfast for the dangerous animal; but it whined loudly as her gentle hand caressed it. Naomi smiled, she and the dog seemed to be the best of friends.

"That wild girl," said the old Countess: "she frightens me to death every day! My life hangs but upon a slender thread. One while she lets the savage beast loose, who could devour men; another she hunts upon the most mettlesome horse without saddle through wood and field. The dear Lord protects her, else she would have been long ago a cripple. If I had had a fourth part of her constitution it would have been of more service to me than all my drops and mixtures."

The pale old lady sat down on the sofa, and entertained herself with the *Madame*, whose reminiscences were all dated from before and after her severe illness.

"Now," said she, "a new sort of sickness has broken out, which they call the 'Red Hound.'"<sup>\*</sup>

"I must certainly have had *that*," answered the Countess; "for I have gone through every sort of malady, and had them more severely than other human beings. I have exhausted the apothecary's shop, and could shew you an entire buffet full of viol-bottles, salve-pots, and pill-boxes. I have tried them all round, but found no remedy. Ah! for the least excess I am obliged to resort to drugs. I was last week at the great *soirée* at the Magistrate's wife's, and had a little *distrac-tion*; but I can assure you that I drove there with dough under my feet, and sat with it at the card-table. I am very sickly, and yet the physician smiles when I

<sup>\*</sup> A sort of Measles.

complain to him of all I go through. He knows well that I can never get well; and therefore he does not pay the same attention to me that he ought. I am giddy when I see a mill go round."

During this conversation, in a whisper, the music continued to play: Naomi was charmed with it. She stood at the window, and amused herself with opening out the buds of the Count's tulips, whilst she breathed on them. Then began a solo on the violin: the boldness of the execution excited observation.

"*Charmant!*" exclaimed the old Countess, altogether forgetting her illness.

Naomi put aside the curtain, and in the midst of the band stood, behind a low music-stand, Herr Knepus's pupil, Christian, with the violin under his chin.

"We have certainly met before," said the old Count to him; "but where?"

"In Copenhagen," answered Christian, in a modest tone.

"They have confided him to my instruction," remarked Herr Knepus.

Applause from all sides was showered on him,—even Naomi smiled on him with inexpressible grace, and spoke for a long time with him; but not of old times.

What a day of joy and good fortune was this *fête*!

The company walked to the *Mountain Russe*,—Naomi shewed herself here bolder than a boy. Christian drew back.

"You will not venture to get into the car?" asked Naomi; and he mounted the sledge to make the descent, but without any other result for him than that he heard Naomi say to her neighbour, "How awkward." That

made him dumb. He did not venture to address her again, but his looks followed her.

The band had to play again before dinner; and then he showed himself in his right light. The old Countess conversed with him, and when she inquired of his birth, parentage, and education, he found she was well acquainted with his former fits, from which he was now recovered, and spoke as well of Lucy and her's. "Yes, all the sick of this neighbourhood are known to me," said he. "I will confess that there are some, according to my mind, whose pains are more acute than mine, but they are of a more robust frame, and suffer less than the highly sensitive, and I possess infinite sensitiveness."

It may be supposed that the interest which she felt for Christian was not less attributable to his early malady, than to his playing. He was to stay some days at the hall,—a good opportunity to send him back to Odense occurring, by the Count's being about to pass through it, on his way to England, to which he was on the eve of travelling.

The table was sumptuous. The dazzling white napkins stood like pyramids over the champagne-glasses; the wax-lights made a brilliant illumination from silver candelabra.

Every gentleman chose for himself a lady. Naomi slipped through all, and approached Christian.

"Will the gentleman-artist be my *"chapeau?"*" she inquired, as she stuck her arm under his, and so led him to the table. He was scarlet-red, and awkward, and confused.

Naomi whispered in the governess's ear, "So we

shall sit at table in the next world,—birds of paradise and crows, one beside the other.”—“But you must really entertain your lady,” said she to Christian; “or will you be the lady and I will be your cavalier.” And now she took care to fill his glass.

Christian felt that Naomi was superior to him in manners, in gaiety, in all in short. It was a sort of mockery that she displayed towards him, in which, however, lay a sort of inclination for him.

*His* whole soul belonged to *her*,—of that he was more and more conscious. She continually filled his glass, and without thinking of the possible consequences, he drank bumper after bumper. The blood began to roll swifter through his veins; he became gayer. “He is getting merry,” said Naomi. Near them sat the white-looking Louis, the police-master’s son, who, from jealous despair, made up to three other ladies, a very reasonable remedy for unsuccessful love, and Naomi added to his torments by letting him perceive how much she courted Christian.

“Those who love shall live,” said Naomi, softly to him, whilst she knocked glasses with him.

“It is *you* I——” said Christian; for the wine had loosened his tongue.

They got up from the table. Naomi separated from him.

He drew back in confusion, and did not venture to approach her. He was deeply sensible how unqualified he was to enter on the great world.

The dance began. In that too he could not join; he did not know a step. Naomi flew like a butterfly through the saloon; every movement of hers gave her a fresh charm. The blood shone through her cheeks,

and their dark tint gained by their lighting up. She was all-in-all lovely, a glorious *mignon*,—only that she was too finely built for a child of the north.

"She will dance herself into a fever in the throat," said the old countess. Mr. Paterman, the chaplain, with a false smile about his mouth, was of the same opinion as their honours.

Naomi seemed not to notice Christian. The white-faced Louis was now the fortunate one. But Christian could not dance. Once she stood before him, laid her hand upon his shoulder, and flew away with him in the whirling waltz. All turned round with him, but he could not release her. He trod upon her feet. He was near falling.

"I am so ill," sighed he, and Naomi let him sink down into a chair, laughed at him, and floated with another partner through the ball-room.

An American writer relates, that a wounded elk will quit the herd to die in solitude. Christian felt a similar instinct; he quitted the saloon; for he was, among the highflyers, a bird with a broken wing.

A servant lighted him over the court-yard to the old baronial edifice; for in the new building all the rooms were engaged. They entered through a narrow door, mounted a winding staircase, and, after passing through many lofty old-fashioned rooms, reached a little chamber, which had been fitted up in haste for the guest. Arms of all kinds, and a number of riding-whips hung round about the walls.

"Here is your bed-room," said the servant as he lighted the night-lamp; "and there hangs the gramp, who will watch over you as you sleep." He pointed, with a laughing mien, to the picture of a

dame,<sup>1</sup> in the costume of the middle ages, that hung over the door. The most striking thing in the portrait was, that the lady had an iron chain about her neck, which hung down over her shoulders and breast.

"That was a masculine woman," said the servant. "She was not one to run up apothecary's bills like our old Countess. She had a feud with her neighbour, who took her prisoner, put a ring round her neck, and had her chained down in the dog-kennel. Those times are gone by. Then they drank and feasted; but the grandam got released from her fetters; came back gloriously to her castle, and, collecting her retainers, surprised and killed her enemy. Look you! It was for that reason she had herself painted with a chain about her neck." Now the servant retired, and Christian<sup>1</sup> was alone with his thoughts, and the picture of the manly lady.

She had eyes as dark as those of Naomi. Naomi would also have been as bold and enterprising. He looked out of the window. The glass was so thick and burnt by the sun that he could only see the lights in the new mansion. He thought of that evening in Copenhagen, when he hung as a sailor boy on the wet rigging, and saw Naomi floating before his eyes in dance and joy; he thought of the last evening—of his destitution and imperfections, and all his ruined hopes.

About midnight he waked, and heard the carriage drive off with Herr Knepps, and was anything but glad at remaining behind.

But what a healing power is there not in sleep when a young heart is to be healed?

The sunlight shone on the portrait as Christian



waked, and the heavy chains about the dame's neck were the first things that occupied his thoughts.

"And I wear such fetters! I am not much better off than if I was chained down in the dog-kennel, whilst others are enjoying the dance! But like her, I will break my chains. One day I will become a great artist, and they shall bow before the power of my genius." As in Joseph's dream, the sheaves of all the others bowed before his own sheaf. "So shall it be with me; and then will I have myself painted: but not with the marks of the yoke which I bore, but hand in hand with Naomi. She is so beautiful,—so wondrously beautiful;—like an angel is she,—only not so good! but who can be so?" And he knelt down, and prayed to God that his lovely dream might be realized.

Before dinner, the old Countess wished to see all the guests, that remained behind, assembled. In the old castle, that was only inhabited by herself and those in her service, chocolate was to be served.

The way to her rooms led through the tower with the winding stair. This apartment had at least for a century undergone no alteration. Green tapestry representing a forest, out of which here and there the scattered deer peeped forth, ornamented the walls of this sitting room. A large stove, covered with Dutch tiles, projected before the walled-up fire-place, and was surmounted by sphynxes of grey stone. The entrance to the other rooms was through an enormous closet, whose doors were hung with carpet curtains. The chairs and sofa had as antiquated a look; and the only modern piece of furniture, was a plaster-cast Napoleon standing on a high pyramid, the cornices of which were crowded with vial-bottles, and such like trophies of

sickness, which her honour had wound round it. To post a great hero thus under the trophies of a sick old woman, was not a bad idea. Make it out as you can.

"Here is my court-abode," said the Countess. "The new building stands vacant all the winter; for every thing goes on under the old *régime*, and the lights shine here, though—alas! they are lights about a sick bed!"

The guests were not yet arrived. Naomi stood on a chair to rummage the uppermost drawer of an old carved press.

"Thou art a merry Andrew!" said the Countess.—"Get down,—the guests are coming."

"All days are not equally holidays," said Naomi, with a roguish laugh. "Thou hast allowed me to peep."

"It is merely old plunder," answered the Countess; "souvenirs of fifty years ago."

"And the portrait of this lady?" inquired Naomi, "Why does that lie here?—She is beautiful, but she has something Jewish in her look."

The old Countess lifted her eyes on the miniature, and then turned to Naomi with these words,—

"That is the likeness of your late mother." There ensued a pause. Naomi was the first to break it.

"My mother!" said she.—"She, at least, should not lie here among these old things!" and she hid the miniature in her bosom.

"Come down and shut the chest of drawers. The guests are coming," said the Countess.—"Thou seest my blood in agitation; and thou knowest that I cannot bear that."

"Tell me about my mother," said Naomi, seriously

"What art thou thinking of, child?" answered the old lady. "*That* would not amuse thee. There, turn about!—the guests are coming:" and the conversation was broken off.

Christian had to play again. He gave them his own *fantasies*, for Herr Knepus was not there to put his veto on them. Naomi was lost in thought,—her looks appeared to rest on him, dreamingly: so he had never seen her till now!

"She admires me!" thought Christian, and this thought inspired him.—"So thoughtful one had ever seen Naomi."

Battledore and shuttlecock, was next the order of the day in the great saloon: the company met there. Naomi remained behind, with the old Countess,—seized her hand, and said in a tone remarkably solemn for one of her age,—

"Tell me about my mother,—I *must*, I *will* know the particulars."

"Thou frightenest me with thine earnestness!" answered the old Countess.—"Go to the strangers! and take part in the game,—that is better."

"Thou treatest me ever like a child, which I am no longer; and therefore I *will* know something more about my own personal history. I am no stranger who has been adopted from pity; I am really what I only appear to be,—the daughter of your son, and thou art my grandmother. I am thoughtless and frivolous, to have lived so long with you, and not to have made inquiries respecting my mother. Twice I endeavoured to get some information from my father, but both times he quitted me without answering my question. Thou also art unwilling to say anything to me about her;

and I have been so carried away by my levity, that I had almost forgotten to ask again. To-day, however, since I have found my mother's portrait, I *will* know more respecting her, and *thou* shalt be the medium of conveying the information."

"Naomi, thou knowest how weakly I am," said the old lady.—"Torment me not, for I neither *can* nor *will* comply with thy request, however urgent. Besides, this story is not fit for one of your age. No! some years hence, when I *probably* shall long have been resting in the grave, my son will relate it to thee. Go now into the ante-room, and bring me my brown cloak."

"Thou wilt send me out of the room," said Naomi, "and then bolt the door, and not let me in again. *That* thou hast often done before. Grandmother! thou knowest my character. In the moat there is a hole cut in the ice,—I will plunge into it, if thou dost not instantly tell me what I want to know."

"Thou art a terrible girl!" said the old Countess,—  
"thou handlest badly a poor weak old woman. I will do thy will; but what thou hast to learn, will be a thorn in thine own breast!" The old lady's cheeks, till then sickly and pale-looking, at these words assumed a feverish red; her speech was more rapid. "Thou art not of my flesh and blood, nor of the flesh and blood of my son," she continued. "It is an infatuation,—a weakness, in him to believe it." The poison which the gall in our blood generates, came forth in electrical sparks, as an intonation of her succeeding words. "The old Jew in Svendborg, was your grandfather," said she; "his daughter was beautiful,—more beautiful than thou art. She was governess here at the hall,

—she was in service here,—*you* understand me? I say she *sewed* here. But she possessed understanding, and was well read; on which account, we treated her as one of the family. My Fritz loved her;—his father opposed his love, and your mother was sent back to her father. Fritz went on his travels, and we did our best to break off the attachment; but they corresponded, and seemed but to live in their love,—though certain people did not speak well of your mother. There dwelt in Svendborg a musician, a Norwegian, who came to the house of your grandfather, and was a suitor to your mother,—aye, very intimate with her! Fritz came back from his travels. We thought that all was forgotten. He went continually to the chace; but his *partis de chasse* were only so many visits to Svendborg. I found it all out, and learnt what a sinful life they led,—worse than thou canst imagine. It is foolish of me to speak of such things to you.—I told Fritz what I had heard; but he confided in your mother's love, till he himself caught the house-friend there. In short, thou art not of Danish noble blood, but, perhaps, of Norwegian. My Fritz was now convinced and restored to reason. When thou wert born, thy mother wrote an elegiac letter about thee; and, at last, she destroyed herself, because Fritz would not credit her fiction. These were the effects. She came to her grave, and you to us! I brought you myself from Svendborg."

"I thank you for your communication," said Naomi, quietly, but pale as a wall. "Then I am of Norwegian, and not of Danish noble blood? Now I have always found greater pleasure from Ochlen Schlager's 'Hakon Jarl,' than from his 'Palnatoke.' Shall I now go to the ball-game?"

"Child!" answered the Countess, "thou art in a state of excitement. I have never met with thy like. Thou hast not yet comprehended the particulars of the history. Oh! a time will come, when thou wilt weep over the deeds of blood that thou hast just heard."

"I have heard," said Naomi, "that my mother was beautiful,—that she possessed understanding, and that she had the fortitude to die when she was deeply injured. Her portrait shall hang in my chamber,—I will wreath it with flowers, and to it all my kisses shall belong. Now I can play battledore with the strangers."

With a smiling mien, she left the Countess on the steps in the old tower,—stood there awhile, and shed bitter tears. Ten minutes later saw the seemingly thoughtless romping Naomi at the game. Instinct taught her that tears only excite sympathy, where similar feelings of sorrow prevail.

## CHAPTER VIII.

‘Hon satt bredvid hans hufvudgård —  
 Och faste paa de bleka dragen  
 Ett blick, ett Kungarike våd —  
 Men ach ! hur gaar det med ditt hjerta.’\*  
 TEGNER’ AXEL.

“THE old Countess has deceived me,” thought Naomi. “She wished to hurt my feelings, and invented an entire fiction; or she treated as true a lying report. I must, I will bring out the whole story.” And she hung with flattering words on the Count, who often spoke to her of a separation for a long time.

“In two years we shall see each other again. Then when I come back, thou flyest with me to Paris and London,—to the gay and magnificent London!”

“Thou art good to me,” answered Naomi; “and thou art the only person on whom my thoughts and my whole being rely; all others whom I know are indifferent to me. I only love them half as well as myself. They amuse me, and I make use of them; but they are often insufferably tiresome.”

\* She sat by his bed-side, and threw upon his wan features a look,—worth an empire. But alas! how is it with their heart?

"They have not the same affection for thee that I have," said the Count.

"*Thou !*" she said, as she looked inquisitively into his eyes.—"*Thou, good to me !—No—not once in my most innocent and pressing intreaties, wilt thou answer me ; and hence I endure sufferings that I dare not repeat to thee ; for thou art ever impatient, and hard and cold to me.*" She laid her cheek against his, wound his hair about her fingers, and seemed unable to breathe. "Thou art ashamed to call me thy daughter to all the world,—am I not ? Tell me at least that I dare love thee as my father !"

"*Me !*" said the Count:—" *Me !—Thou art my child.*" But his looks became dark,—his brow contracted into gloomy folds,—all his countenance appeared to contradict his words.

"Yes ! to all the world," she repeated.—"Who were my parents ?—The daughter of a Jew—a——— ?" She was silent, but her lips quivered convulsively.

"Of a man whose name thou shalt never know," answered the Count. "He was from Norway ;—he is dead, and died in a way that he deserved to die."

"Oh ! relate it to me !" entreated Naomi. "No !" answered the Count, and left her.

"Oh, he is savage," said Naomi. "Man lives but to be a plague to his fellows. Norman alone is good and faithful to me,—he cares more for me than all the rest, and therefore they chain him up."

She went behind the castle to the dog, caressed him, let loose the chain, and led the formidable beast into the court-yard, who was delighted with his freedom, and made all sorts of gambols, whilst his reeking tongue hung far out of his mouth.



"Thou dear Norman!" said she.—"A Norman must also love *me*, and for his name's sake I would give thee thy liberty."

Christian returned at that moment from his solitary wanderings in the garden. The thaw had broken one of the legs of the snow-colossi, and the lance touched the ground, resting on his arm. The clock struck twelve. Christian came out of the garden. As soon as he had opened the door, he perceived Naomi and the dog, who began to bark fiercely, and shewed his teeth. Naomi laughed aloud when she saw that Christian was frightened. The dog sprung at him; Christian however turned back into the garden, and entreated Naomi to keep back the dog.

"Coward!" she exclaimed.

At the same moment the dog rushed forward, sprung against the door that flew open, and attacked Christian, who uttered a cry of anguish when he saw the red jaws and sharp teeth of the brute close upon him. To save himself, he darted towards the snow-man, and seized with both hands the lance, at the instant when the dog fell upon him. The mass of snow tumbled down with a hollow crash, which indeed was a most fortunate circumstance for him; for the snow and ice falling about on all sides, frightened the dog away.

Some people ran up at Christian's screams. Naomi stood motionless at the open door.

"He bleeds,—the dog has bitten him!" called out some one.

"Thou seest the consequence of thy wildness," said the Count, who had hastened to the spot, and cast a severe look at Naomi. They lifted up Christian.

"The dog shall be shot," said the Count.

Then Naomi rushed, weeping, to him, and begged for the life of the dog, seized Christian's hand with anxious looks, and conjured him to intercede with the Count for her favourite. Her lips touched his pale cheek, and he did as she requested.

The surgeon of the next town was brought. Christian had been dangerously bit by the savage animal. The most tender care and nursing were required. Naomi visited him: silent and serious, she sat by his bed-side. Christian gave her his hand in reconciliation; and to say something agreeable to her once more begged that the life of the dog might be spared.

"I believe I could learn to love thee," said Naomi, in wonderful excitement, whilst she looked him hard in the face with her sparkling eyes.

The Count's journey was to have been commenced; but it was deferred till Christian could accompany him back to Odense. They informed Herr Knepus of the unfortunate accident.

"Affright and uneasiness will bring me to the grave!" said the old Countess, in talking to her son of his parting.—"Now thou leavest us, and I feel that we shall never see each other again. When thou returnest two years hence, thou must go to the closed chapel in the village church, and there thou wilt find my coffin."

"Ah! Mother! *that* is a romance," answered the Count.

"*That* is written on thy mother's heart," said the Countess, seriously.

The Count's departure was an important event at the mansion, and for the estate; and yet, we have announced it with a bare mention of his intended journey.

Naomi sat in Christian's chamber; all betrayed to her how dear she was to him; and that feeling caused her, for the first time, to take an interest in him. She asked him of whom he had learnt to play.

"From my godfather, the Norwegian, in Svendborg," said Christian, and then gave her an account of the wonderful man. "I heard once a story of a magician, who played his fiddle along the streets, so that the children from the houses came and ran behind him. He went now into a mountain, and the children vanished with him. He had learnt from the Nokke, he said,—I think that it was himself of whom he spake. He said he was once a poor peasant-boy, in Norway, who had an extraordinary desire to learn to play on the fiddle. His father would not hear of it, and kept him to his work. Then the boy stole out one evening from the house, and went with his fiddle to the mountain-torrent. The Nokke rose out of the water, and promised him he would teach him to play much better, seized him by the hand, and pressed his finger so hard that it bled. From that time no one could play so beautifully as he. All wished to hear him, and he earned much money with his fiddle. Then his father allowed him to lay aside every thing for his art. But one morning, when he returned from a wedding, the Nokke sat at the bridge, and said, he should come to him in the water, and there remain with him, for he belonged to him. Then he ran away, faster than a horse can gallop, and the Nokke pursued him; but he fled into the church, and clung to the altar, or else the Nokke had got possession of him."

"But who knows whether thy godfather was not at last the Nokke himself?" said Naomi, smiling. Her

eyes sparkled,—the blood glowed in her beautiful cheeks.—She inquired further. It was her own father of whom Christian was telling! He, however, saw in this questioning but sympathy in the fate of his godfather, and therefore he connected more closely the thread of his narrative, in order to please Naomi. She learnt respecting his excursion to Thorseng, —their meeting in Glorup garden, and that horrible morning, when he saw his godfather hanging in a tree. Naomi smiled, she laid her beautiful hand thoughtfully on her brow.

“He was an extraordinary man,—but he was unfortunate, and that is far more interesting than to be a fortunate every-day man! Thou hast early gone through a singular adventure, but the most interesting portion of your life is past. Thou hast arrived at a tiresome and monotonous repose, in which one day telleth another,” said Naomi. “By the even every-day path, nothing extraordinary is to be attained, at least nothing by itself. If I were in your place, I would take my fiddle on my back, and with it slip away from these borish men, who are all one like another, from the buttons on their coats to the black cravat about their necks.”

“What can I do?” asked Christian, “I am poor.”

“Oh! thou wert much poorer when thou didst run away from thy parents,” interrupted Naomi. “Then thou couldst not play as thou canst now; and yet the road to fortune was open to thee. If it should happen that thou mayest one day want bread, or sleep upon straw, what then?—*that* would make thy life the more interesting. Bethink thyself, how glorious it would be for thee if thou wert to become a great man, and then

hadst to look back. The world would wonder at thy hardy undertaking ; and *I*,—yes, I think, that *I* could then love thee. But, till then, not. No, no. First thou must highly distinguish thyself." At these words she seized his hand, and continued to paint to him her romantic dreams of a life that she was unacquainted with. It flattered the vanity of the proud self-willed maid to be the patroness of another. Christian took the place of her puppet. She wished to realize with him her romantic visions ; for this reason there arose in her heart a mighty feeling of inclination for Christian, —very different, however, from love. She talked to him of foreign lands, of renowned men and women, and sighed that it had fallen to her lot to be a woman. —"But I will not, at least, be like others," she asserted.

Christian became more and more interwoven in the magic circle she drew around him. All his thoughts, all his dreams, turned upon adventures, fame, and Naomi.

The blood rushed feverishly through his veins. The night-lamp, which burnt by the bed-side was nearly extinct,—the flame stood like a painted speck on the wick.

"If I can have time to say my paternoster to the end," said he, to himself, "before the lamp is out, I shall gain a great name, and Naomi will be my wife. If it is extinct before I have concluded, then, here and hereafter I am lost for ever. He folded his hands, and uttered mechanically the words of the prayer ; his eyes were rivetted on the lamp,—the flame trembled, —he spoke quicker,—the prayer was at an end, and yet the lamp burnt !

"But I have forgot 'Deliver us from evil.' The prayer is unavailing, and I must begin it again, and then—my good fortune will be doubly sure.<sup>h</sup>—And he uttered once more the prayer, and the lamp was yet alive.—"I will be happy!" he said, with exultation,—and the lamp expired.

It was the middle of the week.

"Next Sunday thou wilt leave us," said Naomi, as she made Christian another visit in his sick room. "The doctor says thou wilt soon be as well as we. Be-think thee then of thy promise. I know that thou lovest me, but I can accord my love to no common man; and thou wilt become only an every-day character if thou remainest in that unenviable Odense, under the tuition of that simpleton, Knepus. Venture a bold step into the world; here thou hast what no one knows and no one shall know—a hundred rix-dollars from my savings. Forget not our first meeting in the garden which thou hast related to me. I took thine eyes and thy mouth as a pledge: thou art now mine. I have a claim on thee. As soon as thou art fully recovered take the bold step,—announce it to me, and the night thou commencest thy wanderings, I will lay awake and think of thee."

"I will do all thou commandest me," said he with rapture, as he threw his arm about her neck; and she sat there with a proud smile, and let him quietly kiss her glowing cheek.

The world is a many-sided mirror, which all view in a different light. Had we that evening questioned Christian, Naomi, the old Countess, we should have found that all three expressed peculiar, but very different opinions respecting it. Christian was in the tem-

ple of God, where hearts lay open their secrets to Him, and love where trust increases and confidence is confirmed. The kiss from Naomi's beautiful cheek was his baptism,—the omnipotent tone of the organ that winged his soul to heaven !

"The world is a great masquerade saloon," thought Naomi ; "one must play his part with a good grace,—must have something imposing in him. I will be an Amazon, a de Staël, a Charlotte Corday, or whatever circumstances will allow."

"The world is a great hospital," said the old Countess.—"We inherit our maladies from our birth,—every hour brings us nearer to our dissolution,—we can read ourselves into sickness by perusing medical books. A mere glass of water may contain an insect that may grow into a large animal. One may get the cancer, the gangrene, consumption, and the most horrible diseases that end with death,—and for *that* we live. All men are sick, but none conceal their sickness ; others betray them,—and there are beings without nerves, but full of unsound blood, that gives them red cheeks, who go about with the false idea that they are really in the enjoyment of perfect health."

## CHAPTER IX.

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Les passions sont les vents qui font aller notre vaisseau, et la raison est le pilote qui le conduit. Le vaisseau n'irait point sans les vents, et se perdrait sans le pilote.

ESPRIT DES ESPRITS.

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A BEAUTIFUL winter's-day, when the rime hangs on the boughs of the trees, and the crows hover in the clear sun-shine over the dazzling snow, may awaken a desire to travel ; but a different sort of day was that on which Christian rolled back to Odense. A thick mist lay over the whole country ; naked bushes on which great water-drops hung, stuck out from the dirty snow ; and yet this very weather made him long to go abroad into the world, and seek for romantic adventures.

The whole domestic arrangements of home seemed to him to resemble an unbroken series of wet and cold days. "Abroad ! and all will change to sun-shine and warmth," thought he.—"There my happiness will develop itself like the summer ; and when that comes I will quit this home and seek my fortunes !"

The repose of a night under the domestic roof, where no Naomi was to inspire him, quieted again his mind. He thought of Peter Weick ; he remembered how



much this man had done for him; and he felt, with remorse how badly he repaid him for all his kindnesses.

"But if I should return a man of renown, what a surprise and delight that would prove! But how shall I commence? The Bible shall be my oracle." He opened the holy book, and read in the Evangelist, St. Matthew: the words to him struck with the palsy,—  
"Take up thy bed and walk!" "For God wills it!" he exclaimed. "He speaks to me in holy writ, and I have also Naomi's money. This monstrous sum makes me richer than I have ever been. I will go to Germany."

Herr Knepus was the last to guess what engaged the thoughts of his pupil, when he announced to him his intention of travelling to Brunswick, Goslar, and Northern Germany. The plan was fully laid; but it broke down in two things: how he should make a beginning, and obtain a passport. As to the latter obstacle, Naomi had already thought of obviating it.

The white Louis, the Police-master's son, whose looks, thrown upon Naomi, reminded us of the notes with which nightingales in Persia address the roses in song,—was employed to procure the passport. He was the left-hand of the *bureau*, whose right-hand the father was. And why should the right-hand know what the left does?

This passport was to be made out for different countries in Europe. This was Naomi's first request, and white Louis was to give it effect. But under the folios of the Council-chamber's archives,—under the dusty shelves of the antichamber,—a third plant shot forth,—foresight; and against *that* the fair Naomi had not provided. Of the leaves of this plant the white Louis

drank every morning and evening in his tea ; and thus he brought to Naomi the desired regularly made-out passport, for a young man of sixteen,—and Christian's name stood therein ; but to save himself from blame, it contained the description of Naomi—dark sparkling gazelle eyes, a fine slender waist and coal-black hair : now with this pass *she* could travel. That he had not signalized Christian's exterior, he might excuse by the assurance that *she* occupied his thoughts ; and, therefore, that her personification had slipt into the passport. With such a document as this Christian, however, could not quit the Peninsula.

He had fixed upon the Easter holidays for his departure ; and at last requested permission to visit his mother and stepfather, whom since his voyage to Copenhagen he had never seen. The passion and bonds of our Lord were to him to be days of joy and freedom.

"What had he more to learn of Herr Knepus ?—what could a longer residence in Odense profit him ?"

He wrote to Naomi to announce to her his purpose ; and urgently begged of her to grant him a last interview at the inn that lay half a league distant from the Hall. *There* they should meet for the last time to say "farewell !" The letter was dispatched, and now he was firmly resolved, like Cæsar, to cross the Rubicon. Oh ! that he could make Lucy the confidant of his projects ! But *that* was not to be ventured on. Her thoughts did did not mount so high :—she would, on the contrary, laugh at him, or try to prevent his departure.

The important day approached, and Christian tied up his little portmanteau, but soon opened it again ; for he had now forgot *this*, now *that*, which he had wished to take with him ; and, therefore, it must be

packed and re-packed. From the fiddle and the Bible he could not part.

All that Peter Weick had done for him, enhanced the claims on his gratitude. Tears rolled down his cheeks. He took pen and paper, wrote him his adieus, and asked his forgiveness; but scarcely was the letter finished than he tore it up. Suddenly a new idea mounted into his soul; his eyes sparkled,—he folded his hands,—an irrevocable resolve was made. He in haste wrote a long epistle, read it through, and cried with exultation,—

“Yes! *that* will do,” said he.—“Now I am composed, and Naomi will be satisfied with me. The good Lord has inspired me!” He laid himself down happy, and slept without dreaming.

Early in the morning he found a return carriage for Nyburg.

Naomi had received his letter, and was altogether delighted with the exquisite adventure, of which she was the origin; and therefore she decided to give him the meeting at the Inn, but without letting any one be aware of it. She had no difficulty in so doing, for she had only to take a ride; but it would be disagreeable to her to be recognised at the Inn, for it was only a simple boy she was to meet.

She, with this intent, paid a visit to the gardener,—a dapper little man, who dressed rather above his condition in life.

“I have a little frolic in view,” said Naomi to him. “Lend me your Sunday clothes.”

She slipped into the stable, saddled her horse herself, and in a quarter of an hour was galloping, in the disguise of the gardener, through the avenue of poplars,

—a little, bold horseman, verily! She sloughed down her hat, as the shepherd left off his employment, soling his stockings,—in order to open the gate.

“Take care of my horse, and warm the parlour for me,” said Naomi, as she reached the hotel.

Ah! how often did she look down the road, to see if he was not coming at last. How repeatedly study all the names written on the window panes. For more than three hours *that* was her amusement.

“We shall now see that he will not come at all,” said she, out of humour.

And yet the hero came, but behind his time,—late, *very* late, and hot, and tired, with his long walk.

“Thou art come at last,” she cried, as he entered. He drew back when he recognized the maiden in man’s clothes; but the mutual explanations soon began. He related to her what had been the anxious employment of his thoughts since they met, and gave her the letter which he wished to send to Peter Weick. The contents were an adieu; but an open confession of his design, long projected, but without naming Naomi. He stated his fantastic views respecting the world, expressed his conviction that he should make his fortune, and become a great artist. He begged Peter Weick’s consent to his journey, without which he could never enjoy a moment’s repose. Naomi was to read the letter before it was dispatched, then he would send it, and wait for an answer at his parents’ home.

“Is that your serious determination?” inquired Naomi. “That I had not contemplated. There is no great man to be made out of thee!”

She would not exchange another word with him, paid her reckoning, and was soon out of sight!

Christian stood fixed to the spot; she had left him without taking leave. He was in possession of her money; but it burnt in his pocket.

The veil of night weaves round the dream-god the strangest arabesques which the fancy can create; possessing Michael Angelo's power to represent the lost souls at the day of judgment, and Raphael's tender beauty in depicting the heavenly kingdom. It is given to youthful hearts to paint, with a similar audacity, extremes, despair, and hope,—and the transitions are equally abrupt. Much depends upon the lights,—and if the fancy, in moments of the deepest anguish, conjures up a charnel, a dark and damp vault, where sulphureous fungusses but thrive; to make our sorrows the more apparent, it shows us, at the same time, a rosebud lying on the ground,—the offering to putrefaction! and we see how, by degrees, it takes root, opens itself, puts forth leaves and buds, and twines into one bower of roses, the whole vault where the spring-sun shines, and the airs of the blue heaven enter.

Such were the transitions in Christian's soul during this night, whilst he treaded at random [the labyrinth of cross ways that lie in the direction of Orebäck.

Green is the colour of hope. It has been assigned to it, because it is borrowed from the spring, that gives this hue to the reawakening being in wood and meadow. But the birth of morning out of night is yet far more allegorical. Here the colour of hope is crimson. The red streaks in the east announce the new birth of life and light, if it be like the hopes of men; but a false apparition,—if it is the reflex of a burning village.

Christian saw the clear splendour in the east. The

day was about to break; but how bright the horizon was! The sun was not yet up. It was a fire in Örebro. The farm of his step-father was burning; but all were asleep in the house,—and hence the red flame stretched its Polypus-arms more audaciously through roof and rafters. The air and snow were both crimsoned by it; the shut-in horses neighed, and the cows and oxen lowed piteously in the still morning-hour. The men were asleep,—and those who sleep are happy.

Christian did not know whose farm was burning, and looked at the fire with the same interest that a child sees the house of another in flames. But after:—yes! in the morning, they were extinguished,—the last harvest was consumed,—the animals were destroyed, —and the proprietor was found lying dead under the rubbish!

Two tottering chimnies rose out of the reeking ashes, and peasants and firemen shouted from among the ruins.

Here Christian came with his bundle under his arm, and the fiddle in its case on his back. It was his home—before which he stood!

## CHAPTER X.

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“Man læser sig till prest;—nu väl, Kallar ej en sprucken Klocka Guds Forsamling jemväl till andakt !”\*

SPADER DAME.

“Hanskal være död i den fulde og faste Tro, at chans Folk dog svar det herligste paa Jorden ag, trods al dets Vanslægsning ag Trængsler, dog Gud's eneste advalyte Eiendomsfolk.”†

INGEMANN.

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If a gentleman is about to hire a servant, he not only has an eye to personal defects, but closely observes if he has any thing ridiculous in his demeanour, or his manner of speaking.

The actor who comes before the public, must possess an appearance that corresponds with the character he is to represent, so as worthily to do justice to his

\* A man reads himself into a preacher,—well and good !—does not a cracked bell call the congregation to prayer ?

FIQUEDAME.

† He shall die in the full and firm belief that his people is the ost glorious on earth, and, in spite of all their backslidings and iniquities, the only chosen people of God.

THE OLD RABBI.

part; and likewise have especial regard to his pronunciation, his voice, and its intonations. .

It is only the preacher,—the organ of the Divinity,—who is allowed to present himself to the public with the most ludicrous delivery. We have singing preachers, nasal preachers, and affected preachers, who, for the most part, have imported their defects from the capital, where they endeavoured to mirror themselves in the glass of this or that pulpit-orator, of most repute in his day. As people of old times believed that the Bible could not be translated into their own language, so there are many who think that holy writ ought to be read in a conceited tone. Instead of the natural voice, a pious delivery, and a countenance fixed on his congregation, the preacher often stands like a Malay-cock, and turns his head one way, and his eyes another. The word of God, like the holy wine of the sacrament, ought only to be presented from a pure and open chalice.

All these properties, that a preacher ought not to possess, were found united in the chaplain, Mr. Patermann,—who, in compliance with the will of the old Countess, was to prepare Naomi for confirmation.

Honey, accompanied with the hissing of the snake, was in his words. Something nauseously sweet,—flatteringly cringing,—lay upon his smiling lips. He turned, like the Elf-king,\* his handsome side to the people, but was, like him, a hollow figure. The Governess found that he had a truly Apostolic countenance, and called his intercourse, poetry in life's prose.

\* According to Danish superstitious belief, the Elfs are hollow behind, as a baker's trough.



We cannot agree with her. In a highly distasteful manner, he turned the ridiculous blunders of others, which he had contrived to produce, to his own amusement. He did not understand how to multiply the thoughts of others, and give the product, but subtracted in the rule his minus from the given plus. Such a man could not possibly please Naomi.

"Mr. Patermann has also to complete my religious education," said she, as his prominent qualities recurred to her. He was, in her mind, a ridiculous person, —and *that*, at least, a man should not be, who is an expounder of holy writ. She had no respect for him, and found plenty of opportunities to oppose him. The preparatory course for confirmation occasioned nothing but disputation, though carried on in becoming humility, on his part, with the young lady. The sinful youth, of both sexes, in the neighbourhood, were differently treated. He acted, as every teacher does, who instructs the son of a rich man with his own children. As often as any one of these contradicts him, he gives a loose to his choler, with an assurance that he has a right to treat his own flesh and blood at pleasure.

Naomi was accustomed to ride to the preacher's house, and the honorable teacher always, on these occasions, helped the young lady on horseback himself.

The shepherd's-boy, that day, sprung forward to hold her horse, with a request from a cottager's wife, that she would stop at her house a moment, on her way back, to visit a stranger, on his death-bed, who desired to see her.

"What nonsensical talk is this?" said the pastor: "the woman is a widow, and it is nothing but lies, and a precious pretext for extortion." On which he led

Naomi into his study. It so happened that the subject they discussed was "The good Samaritan."

"*That* was a beautiful action, which we ought to imitate," said the Pastor.

"Wherefore, I must do likewise, and go to-day to the cottager's wife!" added Naomi.

"But one must not practice the lesson one's-self," said Mr. Patermann. "Here, in this country, the poor are a mere low rabble, made up of tricks and rascality. We cannot act here as in eastern lands." At these words, he laughed, for he thought he had said something very fine.

In the back-part of the poor cottager's wife's house where her only cow was fastened, lay a dying man, upon straw. His legs were covered with an old piece of sack. No one was by him; the cow was his only companion. His emaciated fingers played, with convulsive and involuntary movements, one with another.

The door opened, and the woman entered with a cup in her hand for the patient.

"Lord Jesus!" said she, half-scolding, half-whining, "There he lies, and dies here to-day, in the house of me, poor helpless creature. I am rightly served for taking him in here to sleep a night. Death already hung quivering on his lips, when he came here. God help me out of it."

The dying man raised himself up a little, and then shut his eyes again.

"The young lady will not come," said the woman. "*That* I might well think, and the Pastor is angry with me, for sending for him, and will surely let me hear of it."

The dying man sighed. Suddenly he sat upright, and pointed to a bound-up pedlar's chest.

"Shall I open it?" inquired the woman.

"Yes!" he answered, scarcely able to articulate, as his looks brightened up. He stretched his hands out, for Naomi stood before him,—she had entered at the open-door.

"I have seen you before," said she; "you have ever greeted me so respectfully, when you met me. Is that water that you reach to him? Give him something better!"

"A glass of brandy might be of service to him," said the woman, "but for twelve days, I have not had a drop in the house."

"Buy wine," said Naomi, as she handed her some money. The woman looked at them inquisitively, and delayed some moments before she went away. A sparrow hopped along the stone-pavement, twittered, and flew out. The cold wind blew through the aperture of the dilapidated wall. The dying man appeared to get new life, and some intelligible words came from his lips.

"Dare I look at thee, Naomi?" said he.

"Thou knowest my name?" she inquired.

"I knew it sooner than thou didst thyself," answered the sick-man, as he eyed her with a troubled look! "I held thee in my arms, but thou canst no longer remember old Joel!"

"I saw thee in former times, but thou didst never come to the mansion."

"I dared not, and wished it not," he replied.

"What hast thou to say to me?" she inquired.

He pointed again to the old pedlar's-box. What did it contain? and what had the old Joel to say? Couldst thou understand the twittering of the despised sparrow, thou wouldst have heard what Naomi heard; hadst thou understood the meaning of the cold spring-blast, that blew through the party-wall of the miserable hut its pan-pipe, thou wouldst then have known why Naomi was so thoughtful, as she trod back her slow steps through the shrubbery to the mansion.

"Is not Judaism the father of Christianity? a wandering *Œdipus* become the mockery of a younger race?"

Could it be this question over which she groped, or was it perhaps the holy comment of Mr. Pattermann, on the story of the poor Samaritan, that occupied her imagination? Her fine fingers turned over a book,—and her eyes stared as fixedly on the leaves, as a goldsmith does on the fusion of the mysterious powder in his crucible. Was it Luther's catechism, or a hymn-book, in its new improved version of the psalms, which prosaic hands have put into rhyme, that so intensely occupied her thoughts?

The volume was too large for either,—the edition old, and the leaves were printed with faded ink. It was the inheritance of the young lady on her mother's side. Their stood verses and meditations in this book, and between the leaves loose papers.

"Is there any shame in belonging to a universally renowned people?" she said, in her contemplations. "My mother's father was rich,—Joel was his servant, his old true servant. When I was forsaken, and all lay in dust and ashes, he offered me a home, wherever his own might be. The poor old faithful soul!" Tears

stole down her dark eyes,—but she pressed them back with her raven-lids.

“Young lady!” called out the poor woman from behind her, “he is just now dead!”

Naomi stopped her horse.

“He is dead!” she repeated.—“Tell me what he wanted with me when you sent the boy to fetch me.

“He begged of me only to send for you;—he said he could not else die in peace; and I knew that you were to-day at the Preacher’s.”

“You could not have rightly understood him,” said Naomi, coldly, “and therefore you behaved so foolishly. You sent a messenger to me, and I have not even spoken to the man—I know him not. You will meet with all sorts of disagreeable things, if what you have done is known at the mansion. But I will not repeat it, *that* I promise you. Keep your own counsel, and tell the beadle that the man is dead.”

“Dear Lord! then you know him not?” said the woman.

“I!” answered Naomi, as she threw an ice-cold look on the woman.—“How should I know the old Jew?” And she rode away, but her heart throbbed violently.

“Poor Joel!” said she to herself. “God has renounced thy people, and I may therefore well renounce thee.” She took out the book, which she had concealed under her clothes, and read therein. Then she whipped her horse and rode on.

The meanest citizen finds a grave in the churchyard; and if his family be too poor to set a cross over his grave, they can at least stretch out a piece of cloth between two willow stocks, and write on it with ink the

name, and day of birth, and death of the deceased. The good Joel, who had borne to the grave a box containing the burnt remains of his master, to consign them to the consecrated earth, found himself but a place outside the church-walls, where the cow of the cottager's wife grazed along the foot-path.

Four days after the burial, white sand was seen sprinkled by the poor woman on the grave,—when the youth of the place threw stones on the spot where the “wicked beast,” as they called him, lay; for they were aware that he had been a Jew. And the despised sparrow sat on the stones and twittered its song; and the cold blast blew its pan-pipe of spring over the grave.

There is in reading something magnetic. We see the black letters, and a living picture, through the medium of the eye, is presented to our soul, that affects us like a mighty reality. Naomi read in the inherited book,—she read the letters; and the house that was a prey to the flames stood pictured again before her, with its old fashioned presses and the inscription over the door:—“If I forget thee, O Jerusalem! may my right hand forget its cunning.” The beautiful stocks breathed forth their perfumes, and the sun shone through the red glass of the pleasure-house, where the wreath hung under the ceiling.

The old Countess's news respecting Naomi's mother were true; but she had not told Naomi that the Norwegian had been a spy upon the lovers when they fixed their rendezvous; that he had taken the place of the Count, who was behind his time, the darkness shielding the traitor. Then came the right lover, and the words of reproach were a damning proof. The bliss of

love is indeed great, but greater are the pangs of love. The beautiful Sarah wept, as once Susanna, the daughter of Helkias, had wept; but no Daniel bore witness for her,—

“ I am innocent of this blood ! ”

“ The Norwegian is Naomi’s father,” stood written, with a trembling hand and pale ink, in the book. Old Joel had written the words;—that was an assassination in thine irreproachable life. Poor Sarah!—Rejected,—hating the father of thy child, thou hadst only him to look to,—in his arms thou fell’st, cursing the debaser of thine honour; and he pressed the silence of death from thy lips. Thy lamentations of anguish called up the evil spirit in him, and he murdered thee! The God of Israel is a stern, a vengeful God to the fourth generation.

“ The Norwegian was my father ! ” said Naomi, “ *that* is now certain. Oh my mother!—through thee I belong to the rejected race. Of that persuasion no one can deprive me.” She stepped before the mirror. “ I have not the fair hair and blue eyes of the northern tribes: in me there is nothing that betrays a descent from the land of snows and mist. My hair is black like that of the children of Asia. My eyes and my blood tell me that I belong to a warmer sun.” And she read the books of the Old Testament, as one proud of her ancestry reads her pedigree. Her heart beat loudly at the name of the bold women mentioned in Holy Writ,—of the courageous Judith,—of the intelligent Esther.

“ The people of my mother were already an enlight-

ened, a victorious people, when the North was but inhabited by barbarous hords. The wheel has since turned round."

"The young lady is an Antichrist in faith," said Mr. Patermann, after his lecture; and indeed her questions had puzzled a better divine than he.

Left to herself, her thoughts took a daring—often too daring—a character. She leaped over premises to conclusions; and it was a perfect delight to her when she could put the pious shepherd of souls out of countenance, which was often the case. She wished to know what Mahomet had taught his people. She wished to be instructed in the tenets of the Brahmin's as they announced them on the banks of the Ganges.

"One ought to know every thing in order to be able to choose the best," said she.—"The weak and sickly require a particular regimen with regard to diet, but I am strong enough to digest every thing."

At such remarks, Mr. Patermann made a reverence, and said in his still heart: "If any one comes to hell-fire, they must roast in it." And all that fell from Naomi the Pastor reported to the old Countess. The Governess, who was by no means fitted to guide an acute clever girl like Naomi, had gone over to the party of the Countess. Madame served in the triple capacity of reader, housekeeper, and keeper-up of conversations.

She had a long time hung to Naomi; but when she began to make herself merry with Madame's German poetry, she went over to the other side. What the angel of the Lord had prophesied of Hagar's son appeared to hang over Naomi, as it had done over Ishmael. "He shall be a wild man,—every man's hand



shall be against him, and his hand shall be against every man."

As far as the Countess, the Governess, and the Pastor were concerned,—these three were hard enough against Naomi,—"I know, right well," said she, "that dark clouds easily get up when the meadows are misty. But a storm, a self-got-up storm, interests me. The Count, and he alone, is my royal master. If they are too hard with me, and play the bad part of Haman, I will be as bold as Esther, and, when they least expect it, I will appeal to him. It was a mightier hand than that of the white Louis, who handled the pen, and put me into the passport, that was destined for the effeminate boy in Odense." And she read once again of Abraham's numerous flocks and herds,—of David's victory, and Solomon's pomp and magnificence.

On the forum of Rome stand the ruins of a heathen temple, and in the midst of it, between the high marble columns, has been built a Christian church. The past and the present, the old and the new, are here fast connected together, but the eye of the spectator rests more on the remains of the temple. So with Naomi,—she looked at Judaism as the sub-structure of Christianity, as co-existent with it. Whilst youth in general is used to convert every fable into reality,—so seen through the vaporous atmosphere of Strauss, all history melted into fable for her. By degrees, she fell into that same way of viewing religious matters,—that latitudinarianism, which in our days begins to be so much in vogue in Germany. If we wished, therefore, to set down her profession of faith in her confirmation-years, we should call her rather a Jewess than a Christian. More magnificent in her eyes appeared the

thunder-bearing stern-judging Jehovah, than the mild spirit whom we address as Abba—dear father. What she read in the Old Testament bound itself up with the reminiscences of her childhood. 'She thought of Joel, and her last interview with him. .

On his grave was grazing the cow of the cottager's wife, when Naomi passed by it for the first time;—she threw a look on the church-wall and smiled!

On the following Sunday, satin rustled over the pavement of the well-cleaned church, in which hung garlands of pine-branches, and red lights burnt at the altar. Naomi stood in the highest place; she was the first, consequently the best of the confirmationists. No one answered better than Naomi; no one proved her knowledge of Christianity more gloriously than Naomi.

The carriage rattled when they left the church. The wheels rolled over Joel's grave.

"To-day, I have sworn by the banner of Christ," said Naomi, sunk in thought. "They have brought me up to it,—have given me meat and drink, that I might be one of theirs. A renegade will be punished,—that I know, well!—at last it may be all one whether one serves in the horse or foot under the same king."—She sunk in thought.—"O God!" sighed she; "I am so forsaken in the world!" And tears filled her beautiful eyes.

The servant came to summon her to a festive meal. Mr. Pattermann led the old Countess to table. Naomi was clad in satin,—a red rose-bud adorned her high-throbbing bosom.

## CHAPTER XI.

Schöne Bilder, Schöne Sachen,  
 Halb zum weinen, halb zum lachen,  
 Wie sich's dreht, und steht und geht  
 Kommt, und seht.

FR. RUKERT.

As a woman in spinning always holds a little of the twine in readiness for the spindle, in our native language the common people have, in like manner, a certain mode of expression in the style of their epistolary correspondence, and begin by saying, "I am well, if you are well;" though the context not unseldom contradicts the outset. The answer of honest Peter Weick to Christian's letter had this formula of commencement. The rest ended as follows:—

"Do not set all sail, till thou hast thy full cargo on board. Take heed that you lose not the little that thou hast in thine upper works. For the rest, I am thine till death,

"Your friend,

"PETER WEICK.

"Owner and captain of the ship Lucy."

A friend's hand inflicts deep wounds. And was not Peter Weick in the right? *That* Christian could not deny; he had hurt his feelings, but not acerbated them like Naomi, when she left him in wrath, because he had not blindly followed her adventurous plans. At that moment, his self-esteem was profoundly hurt, and it had vexed him sorely, that he had not thrown her gift back to her. Now he found a thousand good reasons in his justification. That morning he discovered his home in flames,—he heard the sobs of his forsaken mother, and gave her half his money. He hoped to supply the *deficit* by his exertions, or rather, to reimburse Naomi for her favours. "It was only a temporary loan," thought he. "Take the good advice of thy friends, but not presents from them, that thou canst not return." The truth of these words struck deeply into his soul,—then how cold and hard-hearted had not Naomi often been to him. "I love her no longer," said he. "She is beautiful,—but that is all." And yet his contemplations dwelt incessantly upon her, as in dreamy-mood he saw her sitting by his bedside, stretching out her hand to him, as he pressed a kiss upon her cheek. Oh, it was a beautiful dream! He had given the half of Naomi's dollars to his unfortunate mother,—that was a heavy burthen that lay upon him and oppressed him, the more because she was not made happier by the gift.

In the miserable cottage of the tavern-keeper, she sat, with her infant in her lap. The rich relatives of her husband had not acknowledged her. Now, they thought, the tie was broken,—they would take the child, but not the mother, and they upbraided her with harsh words on her poverty. Niels sat at the table, and listened to her sobs.

"Now, thou mayst take thy Tailor back again," said he; "he went on board with the hundred dollars."

"He had much more," said Mary, "but he gave his life and his blood for them."

"*That* was a pretty sum!" answered Niels. "Thou must not think that he is dead,—I saw him there a year to-day ago. Yes, he came one evening to the farm, and father gave him a hundred, or fifty, dollars, I don't know which, to get him out of the county. Now, thou canst again be a tailor-madame!"

"Good Lord! what dost thou say, child?" inquired Mary, as she clasped her hands.

"I tell thee thou must not speak ill of my relations, because they will not feed thee. Thou hast brought nothing into the house, and so thou mayst well go away without any thing. Thy first husband is yet living,—and thou belongest to him!"

"Good God! be gracious to me," sighed Mary, as she listened to her step-son's story. "Thou art a wicked wretch," said she to him. "No true word ever came out of thy mouth," and she burst into sobs and tears.

There was, about this time, in Odense, a company of equestrians, who were on their road to Copenhagen.

People talked very much of the splendid men, and noble horses, and Christian and others were present at the representation. Naomi and the old Countess came to Odense, and both were delighted with what they had witnessed. One lady of the company showed so much elegance in her behaviour, that the Countess exclaimed: "Who can help being transported, at her graceful form and attitude?" She stood with waving flags in her hands, whilst the black courser seemed to fly. Naomi envied her at this moment. The men were

all so well built, so powerful and muscular, that the most difficult feats of art seemed to them child's play. And yet it was given out that the matadore of the party, Ladislaw, a Pole, of twenty-one years old, had not yet made his appearance. They assured her that his intrepidity bordered on rashness. He was but lately recovered from a severe illness, and had therefore been unable to shew himself in the arena. At the next representation, he led his horse into the course, and the eyes of all the spectators were rivetted on the really *beau ideal* of a man, whose countenance still bore the traces of past illness. Black eyebrows enhanced the more the expression of his fine features; but his eyes, in their heaviness, still betrayed marks of his malady. No one had yet witnessed proofs of his talent. The report ran that he was of noble family, and had killed his beloved by an accidental shot. Others would have it, that he had been obliged to fly his country on account of a duel, and some asserted that he had quitted his home from love of a beautiful and fair rider, who had died shortly after. Whether this story was true or exaggerated, one thing was certain, that the pale and serious equestrian was a most interesting character.

"Yes, he has been very ill," said the Countess. "And whom to tend him has the poor man had? I feel for him, for I know what it is to be sickly. It must be a horrible life to go about without a home from land to land, and perhaps not to be able to get a little water-gruel."

"These people lead a very happy life," said Naomi. "I envy the lady with the waving plumes and fluttering flags."

"The end of his love will be, however," said the old Countess, "that the poor man will break a leg or an arm, and die a miserable cripple, if he does not break his neck."

Naomi shook her head, and thought of the beautiful lady. She had not spoken to Christian since she left him in anger at the inn. When her eyes rested on the rider, he lifted his look upon her. "*Amor et melle et felle secundissimus est*," says Plantus; and the confirmation of the words might be read in Christian's heart.

Naomi and the old Countess had taken their places right behind the orchestra; Herr Knepus spoke with her Honour. Christian had to make his compliments to the old Countess also, but did not address Naomi. When the presentation was almost at an end, she leant half out of the box, and said to him in a whisper,—

"Follow the troop, as leader of the band,—now thou hast a fine opportunity of advancing thyself!"

"What could I gain by that?" answered he, somewhat drily, though his heart was already melted as he spoke, and he would the next moment have willingly kissed her hand, and asked forgiveness for the cold words!

"Gain!—thou wouldst at least gain this much—to be in a better climate," said she, as drily, and addressed him not again.

Yes! Climate! that was an eternal theme to help out the conversation in the dispute-concerts in the noble house. If poets and patriots dilated ever so much on the glories of Danish land, Naomi immediately declared, "That we live in a wretched climate. Would that Heaven, with all our wonderful gifts," added

she, "had created us like snails, with a house upon our backs, and we should not then have found it necessary to lose so much time in carrying our cloaks and umbrellas, that make up so important a part of our persons. Our year consists, as in tropical countries, of a dry and wet season; but with this difference, that the dry season with us is winter, when the cold congeals every thing,—the wet season, summer, that gives us the refreshing green and coolness of our woods and forests, of which we are justly so proud,—and beautiful formations of clouds, which excite little admiration, because most of us do not raise our thoughts so high. We may have fine summer-days, they say, in September, and when none come, we console ourselves with saying, that it is now too late to long for settled weather. It is good that the cold should set in. Would that the dear God might send us a plentiful rain, else it will be bad for the crops. This is our perpetual national song, that is repeated every summer, when the ground is not as soft as butter. A man who two or three times in his life offends his neighbours, we justly call bad; but the summer, on which we cannot rely for two days together, we dare not venture to designate in the same terms. We must think of the benefit it is to the peasant,—forget our own pleasures,—people are continually saying;—but the farmer is as little contented as ourselves. If the season is really bad, then we hear of nothing but complaints of 'Good God! we have no crops!' If the harvest is abundant, then he sighs also, and says, 'Good God! the abundance is so great in the land, that we shall get nothing for our corn.' He complains and complains; and shall we, who have a taste for the beauties of nature, be silent? Transient



as the rainbows are they, or at least we see them under similar coincidences,—i. e., always with a cloud of rain over our heads."

Such were Naomi's views.—"Love of her country she possesses not," said the Countess. "And Christianity as little," said Mr. Pattermann.—If he could not set her down altogether for a heretic, he considered her as a female John the Baptist,—that is, a forerunner of heresy. In a religious point of view, her speculations were neither ascetic nor hellenistic, but rather she was an out-and-out partizan of "Young Germany." It might be objected that she was not well versed in its new philosophy; but an homœopathic taste of it is only necessary to confirm us, as will the greater part of this school, in its faith, when all we require to possess is eloquence, and a due acquaintance with the so-called eleven commandments.

Mr. Patermann drummed on his old song of "bad Christian," and the old Countess sung her *Danmark deeligst Vang og Vaenge, Luckt med Bølgen blaa,\* &c.*; and thought no other country could compare with ours. She had indeed seen no other.

"I am no poet," said Naomi, "who strains his throat to sing Danish patriotic songs,—and no patriot orator, who aspires at seeing his name registered in the red book, the court and city calendar. What is beautiful, I call beautiful; and if it should not inspire others, it nevertheless has a charm for me!"—*That* was rightly said; and she admired, perhaps more than either of them, the green fragrant woods, the boldly outlined

† Denmark! loveliest of meadow and cornlands, encircled by blue waves, is the most delightful of all.

clouds, the blue sea ; but she also knew that lovelier scenes exist on the face of God's earth, and that our climate is bad.

"Thou shouldst really travel into countries where the climate is better," was ever the chorus to Naomi's litany about the bad climate of Denmark.

"I often think about it," was the answer.

So wore away the summer of 1819 ; and a short winter journey was projected to Copenhagen. Naomi was to take up her abode in the house of one of the Count's noble relatives, that united in it as much of wealth and splendour as the capital could boast. Wits, whose humour is looked upon in such houses as a sort of public fountain, were invited in order to bubble it forth for the entertainment of the guests. Naomi particularly enjoyed the anticipation of this display, and felt happy at the bare idea of exchanging the sick-room of the old Countess for the gay saloon ; and Mr. Patermann's elaborate discourses, for the theatre and opera. She was now become a Dane in the real sense of the word ; she saw her beauty in a true mirror ; she looked to taking up her position in the world, but she was not aware that it was a false one ; for in that high and noble circle she wanted the great essential to rest upon,—a pedigree !

"At length I shall begin to live," she said, exultingly.—"At last I have escaped the Bastile."

Whether we shall have to wish her the luck of passing at least a year in the state prison, is what time will shew.

## PART III.

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### CHAPTER I.

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“Hep! hep! ein Spottruf, dessen man sich in neueren zeiten bei tumultarischen auftritten gegen die Juden bediente. Un-  
erwiesen ist es, dass der Ruf schon bei der Judenverfolgung des  
Mittelalters angewendet worden sei, und diß Deutung durch *His-  
rosalyma est perdita* wovon die Anfangsbuchstaben das seltsame  
Hep allerdings bilden können, ist eine völlig verunglückte.  
Wahrscheinlich ist das Hep das landschaftliche wort für eine  
ziße, und soll auf eine spottische weise den bartigen Juden  
bezeichnen. Sonderbar bleibt es, dass sich dieser ruf selbst über  
die grenzen unsers Vaterlandes verbreitete 3z B. in Kopenhagen.  
—ALLGEMEINE ENCYCLOPÆDIE DER WISSENSCHAFTEN UND  
KUNST.”

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It was on the evening of the 4th September 1819, that  
Naomi's carriage rolled through the gates of Copen-  
hagen. What a life!—what an activity reigned in the  
streets! doubly-striking to those who came out of the  
provinces. “It was not so gay here when I last visited  
it,” thought Naomi. “All the world seemed to be in

a state of excitement, like the blood in a fever." In the next street to that through which she was passing, there was a great crowd—horsemen galloped past as though they were couriers sent with dispatches. Every thing seemed to shew that something uncommon was in agitation.

Naomi put down the carriage-window, and looked with curiosity at the mob. The East Street, through which their direction lay, was impassable, so densely was it filled with men. Wild shrieks were heard, windows rattled, and an occasional shot was fired. The coachman was obliged to turn off into another street. Two other ladies, from Fyen, who were Naomi's fellow-passengers, could scarcely breathe for terror.

"What is going on here?" inquired Naomi, as she put her head out of the window, and the lanthorn shewed her whole countenance: a rough fellow perceived her.

"That is one of Moses's race?" said he.—"Probably it is a whole Jew's nest that is making its escape!"

"Hep! hep!" shrieked out a wild hord that pressed about the carriage. The fellow tore open the door. Naomi, in the first panic of the moment, jumped out of that on the other side, whilst the driver whipped his horses, and some hussars charged the mob where Naomi was standing. She soon recovered her presence of mind, said nothing, and let her veil fall over her face,—supposing that this was merely a mere common uproar.

"In God's name, come!" whispered a voice in her ear. A man seized her by the hand, and dragged her out of the throng into the nearest house.

"Here we have got plenty of water to float in," said

the man. "Now we will steer over the court-yard, and then Mademoiselle is safe as in her mother's band-box."

"What 'is the occasion of this uproar?" inquired Naomi.

"They are your people whom they would fling over-board," said the Unknown, and mentioned the name of an Israelitish family, with whom he had had transactions, and to which he thought Naomi belonged.

"I am no Jewess!" said Naomi.

"By my truth, then, the flag lies!" answered the man. I saw you spring out of the carriage,—my name is Peter Weick,—my ship is in port,—you may safely put yourself under my convoy."

Naomi smiled. "We have already made a journey together over the ice from Sweden," said she.

"I remember it. Aye, the ice had no deck," said Peter Weick, delighted; and so they were old acquaintances.

She named the street where she was expected, and now they went their way through a narrow lane.

"These are good times for the glazier," said Peter Weick, "for they break others' besides the Jew's windows; it is safer now in the attics, and so I have stowed my women-folk above-board. I have brought with me two, who came to look about them a bit, for I shall lie here a few days. The apprentice is also here,—he is now on his own legs, and plays the fiddle a little better than formerly:—there they sit together." At these words he pointed to a house near.

"Did these riots begin this evening?" inquired Naomi.

"Aye, surc!" answered Peter Weick; "but they

will not so soon be over. The business began in Hamburg, and has run over here like wildfire.—Now the report goes, that there are two vessels with Jew families on board, lying in the roads, who wish to make their escape. It is all lies; but the men believe it all the same.”

Whilst they were talking, a *mêlée* of men stormed out of the neighbouring street, into the lane, and barred their way. Peter Weick stood a moment still—irresolute,—then a crowd of wild boys rushed along, and near them rattled the shivers of broken windows.

“I believe we are come out of the rain into the shoot!” said he.

“We must try to get well through it!” said Naomi.

“If no stone should fall upon our heads,” answered Peter Weick. “I am afraid that all the stones will not come *out of* the street; there may very quietly a small one or two come dropping down from a neighbour’s door; and, in that case, a land-hurricane will be worse than a sea-hurricane. It is best, in my opinion, that the Mamselle should put up with the society of my women-folks, till I can hire a coach for her.”

The pressure of the mob now grew greater from before and behind, and the little streets were like veins, that carried off the arterial superfluity of numbers in the large streets.

“If mamselle will lay hold of my cloak,” said Peter Weick, “I will play the part of lantern.” And they mounted a narrow and dark stair. He knocked—a female voice inquired, tremblingly, “Who is there?”

“’Tis I, thou little goose!” answered the skipper, whilst he entered the room with Naomi.

Lucy stood with the light in her hand, and the half-countrified, half-townist dressed mother, was seated with the hostess and Christian at their frugal supper.

"Rub down a chair for the Mamselle," said Peter Weick to Lucy. "I am going to fetch a carriage." He immediately quitted the little company, when the astonishment was on all sides tolerably equal. All three had, in the interim, got up from the table, without, as yet, having exchanged a word.

Naomi asked their excuses for having disturbed them, and related what had transpired. Now the rest became somewhat more communicative.

All were anxious, especially Lucy, who was here for the first time, to see the great city. The widow, at whose house they lodged, was an old friend of the mother: they had, in youthful days, served in the same family. Peter Weick had brought with him his Eyen friends, for he was only to lie in port fourteen days, eight of which had already expired.

Copenhagen, at that time, seemed to these quiet country-people, like Paris, in summer days, to an inhabitant of the north. What riches! what splendour had they not witnessed! what food for entertainment for a whole year—for a whole life? The royal stables, with the marble cribs, surpassed in magnificence every country-church they had seen. The Exchange, with its numerous shops, that formed two whole streets, was a little town under one roof. They had seen the royal family sail by, with a band of music, in the canal of the Fredreiksberg Pleasure Garden; they had been on board a line-of-battle ship, where all was so great, and so confusing, that one might form from it a right

conception of Noah's Ark, in which all the creatures of the universe found room.

All this was related to Naomi in a sort of narrative-duet, by mother and daughter; but the mother took the first voice, that was only now and then broken-in upon by shouts from the street, or the tramping of horses, as the cavalry-patrol galloped by. Then all was still again, and a low "Lord Jesus!" came forth, in whispered sighs, from their anxious breasts. Lucy could not gaze enough at Naomi, of whom Christian had spoken to her about.

About a whole hour was flown away, and yet Peter Weick had not returned.

"He had certainly found it difficult to get a carriage." All seemed again quiet. They waited, but in vain, for the uncle. Every carriage that they heard, was taken to be the one expected; but they all rolled by. In vain they sought to revive the conversation: the attempt failed. Full of disquiet, they watched the door; but no Peter Weick came. Naomi began to feel rather uncomfortable with the strangers in the little room.

The watchman cried eleven, and yet they all sat there alone.

"Oh God!" said Lucy, "if he should have been shot dead. How easy would it have been to mistake him for another!"

"They fire only with blank-cartridges," interrupted Naomi. "But I am not now at all afraid, and will willingly go to the house of my friends, if Christian will accompany me,"

"No, no!" called out the women, "*that* will not do; —wait a little while."



The hostess brought a pack of cards, for pastime.

"But if Christian should go down, to look after the Captain?" said Naomi.

He was willing, and promised to return soon.

"Take care of thyself, however, in God's name," called out Lucy to him. "Ah! I am so anxious about him."

"He is now a grown-up man," answered Naomi, "and if I know him right, he will not go far from the house-door." *There*, however, Mademoiselle Naomi was mistaken.

The young ladies were now alone. "Hark!" called out Lucy, suddenly, as the watchman blew his pipe. "Oh, how alarming all is in the great cities, where one is so high up in heaven, that family dwells above family. Would to God we were again in our quiet home!"

"But *there* one is bored to death!" said Naomi.

"Ah no!" answered Lucy. "In the summer people live in the open air, and in winter there is so much to occupy one's time. I long now for the view of my neighbour's gables and casements, that all the year out and in, have constantly been before my eyes. Yes; surely I long to be where I shall be free from the anxiety I feel here. At first I was delighted at the sight of so much novelty and splendour; but even when I beheld all this, the anxious feeling of being with so many strange people pressed on me,—not one of them knows me,—I am alike indifferent to them all: *that* is a sad thought."

In the mean time Christian found himself in the street. All there seemed still and quiet. All the doors and windows were closed by order of the police; but the lights in the houses shewed clearly that the inha-

—as soon she was fast locked in slumber. Lucy gave free vent to her tears, till her heavy head sunk on her bosom; but she dreamed not, like Naomi, of some beautiful days past at Fyen; of the vast dykes covered with the convolvulus and flying clouds: she dreamed of the rolling sea on which she had sailed, and of the turbulent city in which she then was. Thus she breathed deeply, and her bosom rose and fell like that of one in a fever. The usually calm pious maid was, as she slept, an image of passion; whilst the wild Naomi seemed to be a gentle dear creature, breathing nothing but peace and repose. Christian regarded both. The disturbed dreams that acted upon Lucy with galvanic power, recalled to his mind the remembrance of that night which he had passed at the Well; and it suggested itself to him, that during sleep she was reduced to a similar state—subject to her former alienation of mind. It alarmed him to see her thus.

Involuntarily he placed himself by Naomi, and gazed on the beautiful being till his blood was on fire. He felt an impulse,—a wild longing to press her lips to his mouth, as he had done in the Jew's garden! Thus he drank, in gazing on her, the poison of love in strong draughts. She lay motionless. The beautiful Medusa-head did not turn his heart to stone, rather it dissolved it, whilst Lucy excited in him fear and horror.

The light burnt down. Christian remarked it, and, as the flame trembled expiringly, extinguished the lamp.

## CHAPTER II.

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Rask sporen han ein Ganger  
 I den damrende Sol;—  
 Hans Lokker flagre prägtigt,  
 Hans Blik er kjäkt og smukt,  
 Der ligger noget Mägtigt  
 I dets raske Orneflugt.\*

H. P. HOLST.

Hab ich doch einer tag gelebt, einer Tag, wie Du Dir einen  
 gewahren, noch verschaffen Kannst! Hab'ich doch den traum  
 eines lustigen Daseins gehabt, Kurz und anmutig wie ein  
 Fruhling smorgen, ein Champagnerausch! Aber dan——

CAVALIER PERSPECTIVE.

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THE noble mansion, where Naomi abode, was a rich  
 house; all its *habitués* were considered patriots; but  
 they found that Naomi was not so, and yet the Armand  
 Carrel of every country would have declared her to have  
 been one of those most adapted to the recruiting  
 service under the banners of liberty in the age. The

\* Sharp spurs he his courser in the setting sun,—his locks  
 flow gloriously,—beautiful and bold his look, and he flies along  
 in his might like a young eagle!

society were great readers, nevertheless their acquaintance with the literature of the day was limited to the red book, and the *original* dramas, which the family attended on their subscription nights at the theatre. In this *côterie*, however, was often heard the outburst of their inspiration. *Superbe ! Magnifique !* when they met with one or the other of the English novels—although they not unfrequently were borrowed from the native authors. They forgot how every thing in the world is subjected to the laws of nature, poetry especially,—that the poet's renown hangs not upon his words, but is dependent on the greatness of his country ; this and his own greatness were multiplied by one another, and the fatherland altogether made a zero. The family were very religious,—went religiously to church, to hear the preacher most popular at court. Naomi was, however, a thorough heretic. So in our days the artist Adam has ventured, to the scandal of the Paris clergy, to adorn the Pantheon with the statues of Voltaire and other wits, instead of those of Genoveve and the devout representations of legends of the church ; and has placed in the temple of religion, Socrates by the side of Paul, and Mahomet next to Zoroaster. Not the less strange was it considered in Naomi, that her pedigree, which all now knew, should be faulty ; and therefore it followed as a natural consequence, that some noughts were put down to the score of her account. All was, however, courtesy towards her ; a fine icy-cold transparent courtesy—so glassy that it was impossible to take offence at it.

Had Naomi derived her origin from this or that renowned branch, we might well believe she would have

felt her own consequence, and claimed it from a sense of its value, and been proud to belong to a family that once ranked before others, which is always a most agreeable thing; and we scarce believe that she would have striven to imitate those whom history records, who gave up their patent of nobility in the first French Revolution, to become simple citizens.\* Now, however, she vaunted this greatness of mind, and asserted that these men had shewn a true nobleness of spirit. Had the old Joel, on one of these occasions, entered the drawing-room, and heard her, he would perhaps have been proud to have paid her a visit there, and to have heard her say: "I know him."

A Danish writer† has already remarked, that in Denmark there are so many chamberlains and pages, that when a Dane comes to Hamburgh, and people do not know who he is at an hotel, they commonly give him one of their titles, which is generally applicable. The noble house was frequented almost entirely by this *caste*. One of them was particularly marked out by Naomi.

He was a Holsteiner, though body and soul a German; but he was not to blame on that account, said Naomi; for it is not language, nor political boundaries, rivers, or mountains, that divide nations; and she observed that in the north, Norway and Denmark are brothers, Sweden is a half-brother, Germany a cousin, and England a distant connexion.

The page's father had lately been put on the shelf. After fifty years of service had been made a *Jubilæus*,

\* Swedish History contains similar examples.

† Karl Bernhard.

—i.e., had had his jubilee performed,—meaning, according to Naomi, that the dear God had no more need of him. But things like these ought not to be said in such circles.

In February, came out of Sweden, to Copenhagen, the equestrian company, who, in May, were to go to Vienna. The page hired a box for the representation, and invited the *Freiherr's* family to be present at it. Miss Emma, the eldest daughter, was a passionate admirer of horses. Every fourteen days she paid two rix dollars to make a tour with the royal riding-master, and no one was more delighted at the arrival of the troop. As duenna or *chaperon* to so many young ladies, that filled the page's box, appeared his aunt, the Countess Höhn, who, after the manner of many of our great families, had dropped her title, and was commonly called *The Höhn*.\* Under her portrait might have been written the words of the witty Le Sage: "*C'est la perle des duègnes, un vrai dragon pour garder la pudicité du sexe.*"†

How infinitely quick rolled along the carriage through the winter street of the city! The four wheels turned many hundred times round, and with them the great wheel of destiny. Would to God the carriage had been upset, and the ladies had come off with a fright, and Naomi had had an arm broken. Yes! *that* would have been a horrible accident! But people seldom hear of an accident that happens to a delinquent, as he is going to execution. Never, on such occasions, do horses run away, or break their shoulder-blades.

\* A play on the word Höne: Hon in Danish.

† Gil Blas.

The theatre was crowded. The orchestra played light sportive melodies, which, when we hear for the first time, strike us like the appearance of a beautiful woman on entering a ball-room. All is freshness, life, and animation in her. But soon! . . . Yes! the air reminded us of the lady after the night spent in dancing,—the freshness was gone!

Beautiful horses were paraded. In the first act, the most renowned of the riders took no part; but Naomi had seen enough, to know that it was the same company who had figured at Odense. She took the play-bill, and read the name of Ladislav.

The lady with the waving plumes now stood on her horse, and the flags fluttered again in her hand. It seemed to Naomi that she had only shut her eyes, and dreamed a short dream, since she had last seen the Amazon. She went through the same attitudes,—the same smile accompanied the same music as before. And yet she had been since in Stockholm and Petersburgh, and now, this summer, she would have to go through the same performances before the gay Viennese.—Oh! what a happy, stirring, existence! How delightful it must be to travel about to foreign lands; to be perpetually seeing something new, and never to return to, and stay in, the same place. Return! Ah! that, in our language, means nothing good.

The trumpets sounded, the barriers were opened, and Ladislav galloped, on a proud black charger, into the arena. He bowed, like a master to his vassals. He wore a Polish dress,—the cap was rimmed with an edging of bear-skin, that threw his raven locks into stronger relief. Every trace of sickness had disappeared, but no bloom was on his cheek. A clear bronze

colour overspread his haughty countenance; a seriousness and penetrating thought were in his dark eyes.

The moment he shewed himself, the beautiful youth, in the full majesty of manhood, excited the interest of the mixed multitude,—*that* was easily perceived by the murmurs of their admiration. His whole attention was, on the other hand, directed to his horse: not a look did he deign to cast on the spectators. Now he floated in wild flight around and around the course, played in the air with his sharp rapier, and made the most desperate leaps. It seemed a mere sport to him, and as if he and his horse took equal delight in it. He displayed a boldness that terrified, while the suppleness and elasticity of his movements gave his exploits the semblance of an easy game. The assembly looked at him with the same sense of his security that we see a bird hover over the ocean; for we know that the power of his pinions will not forsake him.

More than one lady held her fine tapering fingers before her eyes, whilst the multitude showered down on him their applause. Naomi leant half over the balustrade,—her eyes sparkled;—*that* was the first man she had ever looked up to, and she wondered at the feeling that *he* could surpass her in any thing.

After Ladislaw, several other artists presented themselves, but they were all vastly his inferiors. He closed the scene with Mazeppa, and represented the Hetman of the Cossacks, as stretched upon the back of his horse. With head sunk, he in wild flight was carried over the desert Steppes.

That was a charming and glorious evening; even the page was interesting, for he spoke only of Ladislaw.



The whole night through Naomi dreamed of Christian. "Was that the man to dream of?" thought Naomi; and thought too, the next morning, with disgust of the friend of her youth.

Some days after, Miss Emma related, that with many other ladies of condition, she had resolved to take riding lessons of Ladislav.

"I will be of the party!" exclaimed Naomi; and as the eldest daughter of the house was to make one of it, she could not well refuse Naomi. The page, however, said, that the vagabond had too much good luck.

The year 1820, brought to dear Denmark very many occurrences of moment. The State's household got a leak.\* Dr. Dampe and some other restless spirits wished to produce a *leak* in the vessel of the state. A wordy war arose in matters of faith, and either party found a *leak* in their opponents. In such great and general *leakage*, it is no wonder that Ladislav made holes in so many female hearts; for they are for states' machines what the flappers are to the water in a mill-wheel. Meanwhile Ladislav was fully conscious of his increasing power; but he did not betray the sense of it, the least in the world, in his outward behaviour.

During his lessons he was the most chivalrous, but at the same time the most silent knight in the world. Whatever he said was limited to the necessary instructions to his pupils. Only now and then a smile was seen to play about his unely-chiselled mouth, shaded by his dark moustaches; and then his black eyes glistened. Emma found that there was something wicked in this expression. Naomi, on the contrary, treated it as a sign of repressed sorrow. However that might be,

\* Venturini Chronicle of the Nineteenth Century, 1820.

bitants enjoyed no rest in their beds. Every house seemed to him a silent night-walker, in whose soul living thoughts were stirring. It was only dark in the ball-rooms; not a ray streamed through the hearts cut in the shutters. Christian thought of poor Steffen-Margaret;—the cold earth had long covered her remains! He could perceive nothing of Peter Weick,—not a hackney-coach was on the stand; and to his knocking at their mews no one answered. It was, therefore, but a poor consolation he brought to those waiting for him.

Naomi looked at her position in a romantic light,—the only one that afforded any thing like satisfaction. Lucy was near weeping.

“If my uncle does not come before twelve,” said he,—“so God have mercy on us! some misfortune must have happened to him!”

“God is good and gracious!” answered the mother, whilst she took up the cards to deal them out, and seek counsel from them.

“Ah, mother! lay down the cards; it seems to me like tempting God to play on such a night as this!”

It struck three quarters to twelve,—they counted every stroke of the clock, as Columbus’s crew once had done; they fixed upon a time when they should resign all hope;—they, the sixth day: our party, a fixed hour,—that of midnight.

The honest Peter Weick had, in the interim, counted the quarters, only that he had done so two hours earlier than they; but now he was resigned to his fate. He found himself, besides, in a numerous company; but Goëthe’s words,—

"Gute Gesell'schaft, hab'ich gesehen man nenat sie die gute,  
Wenn sie zumkleinsten Gedicht keine Gelegenheit giebt."

were not applicable to his society. No; in verity, one could not call the company *good* where he was, though it afforded ample materials for poetry, especially the romantic; for it consisted of a sort of mixed characters of a little *quodlibet*, such as the police are apt to collect together in riotous times. All were assembled in a great ward that once served for an audience-chamber. A window over the door let through the light of a lamp which fell on them. All those who were disturbers of public peace that evening, had been taken up, and were sitting and lying there, grouped in different postures.

"Justice must have its course," said Peter Weick. "It was a little mistake to have arrested and brought me here. To-morrow *that* they will find." He thought of his woman-folks, as he called them, and of Naomi waiting for the carriage. Had he not told the hussars clearly enough, when they carried him off with the mob, who and what he was? But they were always so ready to lay hands on people, and would not hear a word he had to say;—no, nor the sergeant of the guard. He must to prison with the bars before the door. There was nothing else left but to sleep out the night: to-morrow they would see that he had a clear bill of lading.

As twelve struck he was in a deep sleep; but in his lodging all were persuaded that some accident had befallen him. What shall they begin to do? Naomi made up her mind to her destiny; she bent her head against the chair, tired with her journey, and slept,

he was far more interesting to the young ladies, than if he had possessed the eloquence of a Mirabeau.

None of the other women-scholars could compete with Naomi in adroitness; and no one could, on a horse's bare back, ride like her over stock and stone.

Our forefathers in the middle ages found *Love Runes* in apples;\* and those in whose lap the thrown apple fell, burnt with inextinguishable love; but there may be runic love in other ways. "It may stand written on the brow,—it may lie in the smile of a mouth, and may often enough be read in the eyes," says the poet.\* A pressure of the hand, a look, may be the apple from which the one by whom it is struck, imbibes the sweet poison.

When we first love, we see the world through a prismatic glass. On every sharp corner, on every boundary line, rests the seven-fold hope. The every-day man is animated with poetical thoughts, and the poet sings with passing inspiration. A man of twenty-two for whom a young maiden of eighteen feels an interest, requires only a few days to be loved by her.

In the middle of April, the Riders gave their last representation. The doors were not yet opened; two grooms were dressing the horses. By the side of the beautiful stallion which Ladislav was used to ride, stood the handsome man himself,—his raven eye-brows arched his black eyes, and set off his bronze-tinted complexion. He was as yet in his day-attire, a short jacket and leathers, that shewed off to advantage his symmetrical form. His left hand lay over the shoulder of the noble animal: the hand was strong, but well-formed. Ladislav was reading a letter;—it was but a

\* Svend Dyring's Huns. Tragedy by Hertz.

note, but the paper was rose-coloured, with gilt edges, and the wafer had raised characters on it. It might easily be perceived that this letter was from a lady. Perhaps it was this that accounted for the smile that played about Ladislaw's mouth.

The *connoisseurs* of our day are of opinion that many of the most celebrated statues of the ancient sculptors were originally painted. The argument that such statues must necessarily have something stiff about them, such as we find in wax figures, does not hold good, because a wax figure, properly speaking, is not a work of art; but it should rise to this rank; the colours would give it great effect. Whether it be so or not we do not mean to affirm, and only have thrown out the idea. Let us fancy then the Apollo of the Vatican, that masterpiece of marble, with a bronze colour, such as Napoleon had, and with eyes dark and eloquent as those of Arabia's sons, and we have an image of young Ladislaw.

It was, as I said, the last representation. The public applauded their favourite. The Baron's family had hired two boxes. Naomi and Miss Emma did not fail to be present.

There was a tournament given. Ladislaw came forth in armour. He lowered his lance by way of homage, right opposite the box where Naomi and Emma were seated. They were his pupils. Emma blushed, but Naomi smiled.

Ah! what a dreamy night was that for Emma! Naomi, on the contrary, might well dream the next night,—long and heavy dreams; for it had struck ten, and she had not yet made her appearance at the tea-table.

The maid was sent to announce breakfast. She

found, however, no young lady, but a letter instead, containing a slight excuse, or rather request, "that they would not be alarmed, for that the evening before, she had set out on her return to Fyen. It was more than a common event, an urgent one, that had occasioned her sudden departure. She would, however, write to them by the next post, with full particulars."

This news made a sensation. They wrote the next day to the old Countess to know the reason of this extraordinary journey. They were, however, far from being alarmed; for to form the design of going back to Fyen, and executing it off hand, corresponded well with Naomi's character.

Some days after, came an answer from the old Countess. "She was exceedingly shocked, for no Naomi had made her re-appearance, nor had the terrible girl given her the least tidings of where she was gone!"

It was, as we said, in April. The spring was expected,—the stork was expected:—yes, the stork, that is a wonderful bird! When he visits us, from the south, we feel a longing to travel from whence he came. The warm sunshine charms us out of the room. We desire to see how large the buds are grown on the trees, and we go into the—streets. The Copenhageners go to the sea-side, and mark the quick sailing of the vessels. The steam-boats send up their black smoke into the air, the wheels rattle, and the ship flies through the foam. Longing looks follow it,—we return in melancholy mood to our study. One poor soul or another may well dislike to remain behind. "I am well off here!" that is the burthen of the song that so many lightened hearts attune. "Must we then live alone, in

order to be well off?" The easily-contented soul does not understand my question, and the fire-ship, in the meanwhile, gives the *go-by* to the proud men-of-war.

Gutzkow says, in his Wally, "For paltry spirits there is nothing more entertaining than to shew themselves what they are in their aunts, their cats, their shawl, their petty sympathies, their weaknesses. These are critics and literati who have no enthusiasm but for the actual. Politics are now self-fructification (self-advancement). The actual feeds itself on their own over-bubbling fat!"

The *Freiherr's* house had a rich booty of this sort of characters to give, but we will not bring forward to view the *every-dayness* of every-day-life, and must quit a circle in which this alone was to be found.

Naomi took the liberty of improving a journey. We will do the like, and will quit Copenhagen. The spring is already come, the steam-boat is lying ready for us; but our direction is not Fyen. We can neither visit Christian nor Lucy, nor our other friends there,—though we *may* cross the Eastern Ocean, in the ship with its two water-dividing wheels. But whither then? We will, for a voyage of discovery, traverse the Baltic,—one or the other will profit us, for something must be gained by it. We promise not to return home, till we hit upon an adventure, that, in some measure, will repay us for our trip. If we should meet with nothing,—altogether nothing,—we would rather not return any more to Denmark. We have, however, one acquaintance abroad, Christian's father, the poor Tailor; and perhaps he may send his annual greeting to his home, with the storks, that now pay us another visit.

We find ourselves already on board the *Wilhelmine*,—she sails away.

“What the greedy waves have gotten,  
Is abandoned and forgotten.”\* •

Or, rather, what the mere superficies has one moment shewn, the next obliterated. When the deep has once closed over the ship, every trace of it is lost. How many a countenance is reflected on the surface of the watery-mirror, the images of those who gaze on it betray! There was lately to be seen Ladislav's haughty and beautiful face,—for few days had passed since he embarked, with his whole troop, on the ocean. The company had been strengthened by one, a Dane,—a boy,—certainly in appearance not more than fifteen, which indeed was older than any boy, especially such an one, ought for the first time to have entered the arena. But he had fine and symmetrical limbs; his eye showed power, and good-will, and on his rosy lips curled the moustache. They called him Mr. Christian. His passport made him a Finlander. He leant his arm on Ladislav's shoulder. Arm-in-arm now they stood there, as they neared the Mecklenberg coast.

The Dane looked towards the north, over the sea, over the swimming chain of Alps, which separates us fourteen days earlier from the entrance of the spring.

Yes! a whole fourteen days earlier the trees and fields were advanced, than when they left the land.

The boy said: “I am thine,—only thine.”

And Ladislav answered, smiling: “Mine!—mine thou wert already, on the sea.” And it seemed that

\* Hoå i havet er gjemt,  
Der er udstillet og glemmt.”



the Danish boy blushed, but he hid his face on Ladislav's breast.

"Mine thou hast been already, on the sea." Could the waves have related what they had seen, what pretty stories would they not have had to tell! The fish knew all,—but they were dumb. Everywhere we trace the wise ordinances of nature. The fish are dumb:—made such not to relate what the waves had willingly prattled about: and the worm in the earth is dumb,—in order that he may not relate how infinitely tiresome the dead find the grave. We too will be dumb, if questioned for an explanation of those words of Ladislav's.

The troop chose the shortest way for the land-journey. They did not, therefore, go by Lubeck and Hamburg, but the little town of Mölla, which, like Verona and Assisi,\* is renowned for her graves;—for at Mölla rests the celebrated merry-andrew, Fill, called the "*owl-mirror*." He lies placed with his head downwards in the ground. An owl and a mirror are sculptured on his tomb-stone. Once the grave was shadowed by an old lime tree, on whose trunk every apprentice that passed by, in remembrance and sweet hope, drove in a nail; but the tree was cut down in the war-time.

We tarry, willingly, one moment at this monument; for the owl and the mirror are a *calembour*. It is with the owl-mirror as with Homer; his very existence is placed in doubt, and it is thought that more than one person is meant by this name. But let us not grub further about it, but rather wander on to owl-mirror's

\* In Verona are buried Romeo and Juliet, in Assisi, St. Francis.

town, to look for our *Eulenspiegel*, for we have also found in the mock-Christian our Naomi.

Mölla is an interesting old German market-town. We wander through the narrow streets, and come to a house with thick walls, jagged gable, and open windows. On the roomy floor stands the travelling carriage of the equestrians, the host's waggon, and a heavy roller; it seems that all the rooms in the lower part of the house are united in one, which people called the great hall.

The troop had, since their landing, made a journey of six leagues. There they wished to put up together. The Danish young gentleman sat between Ladislaw and Josephine. The last was the lady with the waving plumes and fluttering flags,—an old acquaintance of ours. Laughter and merriment were without end; and Ladislaw did not look to-day so serious and dark as usual: his haughty look was eloquent, and even pleasant.

"Yet once again the beautiful land," sung the buffoon Bawzzo, and chattered "of ices and pan-cakes," in the true Viennese dialect; and as the Danish boy, Christian, whispered of fatigue, and sleep, and dreams, he nodded to Ladislaw, and sung with Seidl:

"A Trambiachl\* kaffa  
I wisst nid, zwegen we,  
I ha nur dan oanzing Tram  
Den woas i eh."

In holy writ, there is an account of a woman brought before the Saviour, that had sinned, and was to be

\* A Dream-book.

sentenced. "He among you who is free from sin, let him cast the first stone," said the Holy One, and they all slipped away, one after another, ashamed. Let us, in quoting these words, and whilst we eulogize on the christian so called Naomi, bear in mind her education, her false position in the world, her reception by it. She was alone with Ladislaw!

"I have done much for thee!" said Naomi, with a melancholy tone of voice, such as we have never heard.

"Thou wilt one day remind me of it often enough!" answered Ladislaw, smiling.

"No, never!" said Naomi; "what then *would* be the consequence? I have acted from my own free will: I detested the men who surrounded me. Thee alone I love! Thou mayst kill me, and I should love thee still. There is a fever in my veins; but I have never been so blest. A long monotonous life, with so called happy days, I abominate,—I am disgusted with them. Better a short life and a real enjoyment of it."

"Many women have loved me," said Ladislaw; "I could tell you droll stories about them. There is not much to be said of all your sex; but thou art more of a man than a woman, and on that account I can put up with thee. Yes! I believe I could love thee so much as to be jealous of thee. I do not yet know thy defects, but before we reach Vienna we shall know each other better. Thou art beautiful and passionate, as a woman should be, and thou thinkest like a man. In my presence thou must think as of the Madonna, and bend before me."

"Thy wife must be the first woman who wore a beard!" said she, smiling. "As the Danish Christian,

I am not afraid to wheel about my horse ; but thou wilt always make a greater sensation than I, and therefore I could envy thee."

"And I," answered Ladislaw, "should perhaps not *forget* thee if thou shouldst gain more applause than myself."

Footsteps were heard upon the floor. "Those are the wedding guests," said the waiter ; "to-morrow we shall have a splendid marriage feast ;—the strangers are from Lubeck. There are some sailors among them."

As Naomi was about to cross the threshold, with a light in her hand, she met one of the party,—a little punchy man, with a jovial countenance. He was all animation at the thoughts of the coming nuptials. He also had a candle in his hand, but the draught of air put it out. She recognized in the little corpulent man Peter Weick. The blood mounted into her face,—she was crimson all over ; but she soon recovered, and consoled herself with the reflection that the skipper could not possibly recognize her in her man's attire. How could he imagine for a moment to find the Copenhagen young lady dressed as a jockey, with a pair of moustachios, in the good town of Mölla. She therefore boldly stepped up to him, lit his candle, and said, unconcernedly, that she could perceive by his German that he was no native.

Peter Weick laughed, and said, "Good night, brother !" whilst he familiarly gave her a thump on the shoulder.

## CHAPTER III.

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*Isenbarg* —Wie bist Du worden bleich,  
Seit ich Dich sah zum letztenmal!

*Faust*.—Ich hab' gift getrunken,  
Des Zweifels Gift in starken Zugen,  
Und meine bosen Würfel liegen.

LENAU'S FAUST.

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KNOWEST thou the land of the Hindoos?—There burns the sun hotly ; but the air brings coolness down from the glaciers of the Himalayas ; the aromatic woods invite to repose ; the fig-tree inclines its branches to the earth, sends forth new shoots, and now forms a bower ; the cocoa-palm affords its milk ; the date-palm its fruit, whilst gorgeous plumed birds flutter round thee, crimson-feathered parrots and argus-tailed peacocks. Here is the realm of colours !—*that* thou seest in the wings of the insects, as well as in the leaves of the splendid flowers. The swelling flood where the blue lotus grows, is holy as the water of baptism. Fatherland of the Hindoos ! what dost thou possess that is brightest and most transpicuous ? Is it thy sky, or the quiet inland lakes in which the antelope and leopard quench their thirst ?

Here lay, so says the legend, the paradise from which Adam and Eve were driven. Here blooms yet a paradise, and it is the home of the outcast, the-unfortunate Paria. The Mongols, in wild and savage hordes, force away the children of the country into slavery. The Paria shares the destiny of Ahashuerus. They are called Egyptians, Bohemians, Gypsies,—those wandering tribes. Even in the north, on Jutland's barren heaths, roam about the descendants of the Parias, homeless and unsheltered. Tatterdemalians, kettle-swingers, they are called. A corn-field is their summer abode, a deep ditch their winter-quarters. The children of Paria have not, like the fox, a hole,—like the bird, a nest; they dwell in storm and wind on the bare heath; and bring forth, like the wild beasts, their young. The place of their lying-in is forced to supply its wants; and hence the peasant seeks to transport the woman, on the eve of her confinement, to the next commune, and so on from district to district, till the miserable wretch, in a wretched waggon, without straw or hay, often brings forth her death-devoted offspring. With the first return of her force she is obliged again to continue her journey, her helpless child on her back. Leaning on a staff she wanders by the side of her husband over the rough heaths,—the cold sea-blast roars,—the heaven is grey and damp; but they know nothing better.

Knowest thou the land of the Hindoos? There burns the sun hotly; but the air brings coolness down from the glaciers of the Himalayas; the aromatic woods invite to repose; the fig-tree inclines its branches to the earth, sends forth new shoots, and so forms a bower; the cocoa-palm affords its milk; the date-palm

its fruit, whilst gorgeous plumed birds flutter around thee. Here is the world of colours!—the fatherland of the Hindoos!

On Jutland's heaths, as under the walls of Alhambra, we find the scattered tribes of the Parias; but the most numerous of these are to be met with in the forests of Hungary, and on the great Steppes.

The throne of the Gypsy king is the mossy stone, near the kettle, where the stolen lamb is cooking. Tired with their wanderings, the band rests in the high grass, where the black-eyed children play with the flowers.

No gang of these dare enter the Imperial City.\* Now and then one or two venture to creep into the streets, but are then more watched and looked after than the poor Slavonian. In the suburbs they shew themselves more frequently.

In that of Mariahilf, there, where the avenue leads to Schönbrun, in the year 1820, the year when Naomi began her career, two gypsies were seen in thin white dresses, with their great brown capes. One of them was a young man and wore a broad Slavonian hat, whose flaps hung down upon his back and shoulders; the second was much older,—tall and meagre, and walked with a sunken head. His thick, black hair, that was partially sprinkled with grey, served him as shelter from the burning sun. They passed through one of the numerous by-streets that lead from Mariahilf to Belvidere Palace.

"The suburb may in time bring the city into straights," said the younger of the two. "I dreamed last night that Mariahilf, Josephstadt, and the four-and-

\* These are not allowed to pass a single night in Vienna.

twenty suburbs set themselves all in motion against the city, that was attacked from the St. Stephen's Tower. They fought, and white and yellow money rolled into the Danube.

"Thou hadst been drinking too much of the strong waters," answered the elder. "Look about you, Ezekles! don't repeat such dreams;—the police has long ears. Is that what a young fellow like you should be dreaming about? Thou shouldst dream of pretty maidens."

"But I dream more of war," said Ezekles. "Were I but a soldier, then I could present arms to the Emperor—the good Emperor Francis. He touched his hat when I bowed my head to him, and *only* to greet me, for I was going along quite alone. As to my dream it was silly enough. The *Stephans-Kirche*, with the pointed cap, figured to me a general, who had broad shoulders, and great power, the *Dreifaltig Keits-Saule* over the ditch, was his marshall's staff; Joseph's *Kaiser-Statue* leaped out of the saddle of the copper horse over the coal market, and through the *Kärnthner Strasse*. It called all the pictures down from the signs, and they followed him.\* The marble† fight in the *Volks-garden* put itself at the head of the marble figures on the *Kapneiner Kirche*, and mounted the wall, and into the capital, and was backed by the ever nearer and nearer creeping-on suburbs. The villages of Hitzing

\* In Vienna every shop has a sign-board, representing the Cardinal, Madame Catalani, the King of Denmark, &c. These portraits bear a strong resemblance to the originals, and are many of them of value as works of art; e.g., the Young Tobias before the apothecary's shop

† Canova's Theseus.



and Wahring brought up the rear: and there was an uproar much louder than takes place in the *Volks-garden* and *Prater* on *fête* days."

"What stuff cannot a man's brain heap together," said the elder. "Beware of drunkenness, Exekles! Strong drinks make a magic circle about us. At first it looks very fine; but when a man swallows glass after glass, the circle grows smaller, envelops us in its web, and shows us, but from without, what we picture to ourselves. It winds about us so fast, that we are no longer masters of our will. Thereupon we sleep, and the visions whirl around us; but when we wake again, we feel as though all our limbs were fettered, and that our understanding, during the time we were in the trance, was so lost, that we can give no rational account of what was going on."

They walked rapidly on, and it was not till they came to the *Hengape*, when they could see the castle, that forms the barrier of the *Forstadt*, that they went slower.

"Thou wilt then be a soldier, Ezekles?" said the old man.

"Yes! here, in Vienna, I would willingly carry a musket; here, in the imperial city."

"That would be a slavish life, Ezekles! Thou wouldst soon long to free thyself from thy bonds. Restlessness is in our limbs, like the desire of stealing in the mouse, under our thumb. If thou runnest away and desertest, thou wilt be hanged."

"Well! well!" said the younger; "in the end it is all one whether the worm eats us, or the raven beaks us. But why always look to the worst?"

"To feed the birds!—there is something in that,"

answered the elder of the two. "To lie buried in their craws would be a *noble* grave; and that a moving one, like what our comrades had in life. 'Even in youth, one can learn something, I shall remember your words when I am treading the Hungarian forests, and enjoying the song of the birds. Perhaps I shall also be listening to the cawing of the carrion-crow, that has been hacking out the eyes of my best friend. Believe me, Ezekles! I never saw brighter eyes than those of my son Bela. Thou art old enough to remember his younker Ladislav; he is the image of his father; but haughtier; there is more black blood in him. Bela was bitter, although they did hang him on the gallows. Before the son, however, the men cry, 'Hurrah!' if he gallops by on his horse, though in their hearts they thoroughly despise him."

"He has forsaken the horde," said the younger.

"And yet he has no rest," continued the old man. "He makes long journies like us over the great sea, that is broader than all Hungary. Bethink thyself of such a Danube! He has visited all the emperors and kings in their own lands, whom we saw here at the congress. He flies wide about, like a bird of passage, and he has good luck in all he does."

During this dialogue, they had reached the façade of the palace, that overhangs the great plain. Here sat groups of soldiers, that chatted with one another, whilst strangers and natives were on their way to visit, or returning from, the great picture-gallery. In silence the gipsies regarded the palace, that, however, has nothing remarkable in its exterior: but, whoever had watched the looks of the elder, had soon

remarked, that his eye sought something at the windows. They posted themselves at the open garden-door, but without entering the garden. Many people were walking in the stiff clipped avenues, *à la Louis XIV.* The whole of the lower-story of the palace is filled with splendid pictures, especially of the Dutch-school. That day, many strangers visited it. Some admired Gherardino's marvellous bas-relief pictures; others, the rich collection of Rubenses.

The rapidity with which a young man, of fine features and large black eyes, passed from one picture to another, and then went from time to time to the window, to enjoy the view of the imperial city, and the Hungarian mountains, excited observation.

"That is one of the riders in the Prater," said they all, that looked at him. We, however, gentle reader, call the young gentleman Naomi!

A different interest than that of pictures had brought him to the Belvidere, and therefore it was that he took so cursory a glance of them. Only one sympathy excited his interest, and brought him back several times to view it. It was Vandyke's Samson, who was betrayed by Dalilah,—that masterpiece of the great artist. The agony of reproach in Samson's look is so eloquent, that it would be understood from Greenland to Otaheite. The indifference of Dalilah, the intense anxiety of the hostess,—yes, all is reality itself. Whether was it that this picture, as a work of art, attracted Naomi, or the subject—its associations—that awakened a deeper interest? She often went to the window, and looked down into the valley, and returned immediately after to admire the Vandyke. Stormy thoughts shook her bosom!

As she once more approached the window, she perceived the gipseey. She immediately left the gallery, and descended the staircase. The gipsies saw her coming, but made no sign of recognition, only that they both walked leisurely on. Naomi followed them, at a little distance.

In the vicinity of a small house, from which a foot-path serpentined over the field, the oldest of the men stayed behind, as it seemed, to fasten his shoe-string. The younger proceeded on his way. Naomi approached the first, and spoke with him about Ladislaw,—but Naomi heard no good of him.

"Thou liest!" she exclaimed, bitterly.

"I lie!" answered the man. "He is, however, of my flesh and blood; but it is a bad blood, that has caused me much anguish. His father was my son. Ladislaw looks down contemptuously on his grandfather, and on his whole race. He does not hate those who hate his people. I told him the truth, and he made a red streak on my shoulder with his riding-whip. I have not forgotten it. A man may forget the pure fresh water, that was a refreshing drink to him, but he forgets not the bitter draught of the morass. Ladislaw may love thee to-day, but to-morrow he will care for thee no longer; and *because* he *had* loved thee, he will be thy tormentor. I know well that thou art no man. I am wise enough to see the past, and the future I will not reveal. It may be easily guessed. Take heed of him; and if thou hast a heart under thy disguise, let him feel it, if thou canst. I have brought thee here to tell thee *this*. This evening thou wilt meet with him at *Hitzing*. *There*, are handsome women!"

"But I am no woman!" said Naomi: "thou mis-

takest. Ladislaw is not good, I can well believe; but let him love others, *that* I do! No one can more enjoy his youth than I, and *bonnes fortunes* are my delight!"

"And yet the blood mounts to your cheeks!" said the old man. "My eye never fails, and my words have detected their *man*!" He bowed, and went away.

Naomi was irresolute whether she should follow him or not. She, however, at length half made up her mind, and returned to the city, through the old French garden.

From *Petersplatz*, the omnibus was rolling along to Schonbrunn, and Hitzing. Naomi took a place in it. She chatted with the rest of the passengers,—for they all tried to be amusing. The honest Viennese spoke with enthusiasm of their good Emperor,—about the price of things,—and the brothers Schuster: all, as is commonly met with, in the *Tohuwabohu* of conversation. Naomi was seated opposite to a young artist, a tolerably conceited impertinent fellow. From his accent, she found that he was a true Viennese; he had seen her in the Prater, and told her that she would find her master at Hitzing, which was one of his haunts. "Her master!" she repeated to herself, and the stranger named Ladislaw. They reached the summer-palace of Schonbrunn, in whose cool avenues the "Son of the Man" \* had wandered, lost in mysterious contemplations; where Silvio Pellico went behind the shrubberies, that he might not shock the people with his emaciate form and sickly suffering countenance.† Poor children followed the carriages, and threw nosegays, for a couple

\* Le Fils de l'homme—THE DUKE DE REISCHADT.

† Mie Pregioni.

of kreitzers, to the passengers. The artist took up one of them, and cast it, smilingly, into Naomi's lap. Involuntarily she opened her knees, to catch the flowers: the artist smiled again, and she felt the blood burning in her face.

Hard by Schonbrunn lies the small village of Hitzing, with its church and pretty country-houses. The music sounded delightfully out of the Casino, that was then as much frequented as now, though it had not the attractions of Strauss's and Lanner's bands. The small narrow garden between the houses and the stagnant pool, had the same number of tents and closely packed tables as at the present day.

Ladislaw sat between two young girls at one of them — Naomi took a place at an adjoining table. Saul's evil thoughts shook her soul, but the gay music made not on her the calming impression of David's harp. The Waltzes breathed of the *Volks-Theatre*, — the delights of Schonbrunn, and the Prater. All hearts responded in one accord. There is only one imperial city, but one Vienna! But in Naomi's ears the joyous tones sounded like sighs and mockery. They were to her, the cold gusts from the damp dungeons of Spielberg, and the suffocating heat from the *Piombi* of Venice.

Ladislaw regarded her with haughty overbearing looks: she looked at him, but seemed not to know him, and yet they followed each other, as a shadow does its body.

The elasticity of human thoughts know no bounds; they are immeasurable as the universe, which the Astronomers describe to be infinite. The mighty spirits of all ages widen the horizon; but sufferings and occa-

sions of moment in life possess this same power, and not unseldom our thoughts make for us a heaven or a hell. Naomi looked with the eyes of a Newton, but she gazed on an infernal abyss——!

When the open air was exchanged for the well lighted saloon, Ladislav and Naomi met in the ball-room. She danced with a lady, that her disguise required, and on Ladislav's lips hung a smile of mockery; but he neither spoke to her, or she to him. She wheeled round and round to the noisy waltz, like Ixion on his glowing wheel; her bosom beat wildly,—her eyes sparkled. Ladislav appeared to be cold,—a manly turandot with a haughty sneer.

Oh! what torments may not the human heart create for itself? It is for ever throbbing,—for ever bleeding,—that is a necessity for the sustainment of existence.

Ladislav vanished in the crowd. In vain did Naomi's eyes look for him. It had already become late; the last omnibus was gone, and there was only a covered car, belonging to some peasant, standing before the *Conversations-House*. A gentleman, with two ladies, was stepping into it. Yes, it was Ladislav! She quickly took a vacant seat, and the machine rattled along towards the city.

The lights from Schönbrunn and Hitzing shone through the dark trees. Some respectable citizens' families were also passengers by the same conveyance, and were very merry. They spoke of elves and fairies, with which the good Viennese are very familiar, in the *Volks Theatre*; cited the adventures of Kasperle and Pumpernickel, and chatted about their three Shusters, especially of Ignatius,—the glorious, humorous Ignatius!

We are acquainted with the comic *Trefoil*, the Shusters, though not with the *Mathifernia* of the *Leopoldstadt* Theatre; but we can fancy it. If we have no knowledge of Banerle's Muse, we are familiar with those of Raimund and Nestrog, and can in the covered waggon divert ourselves, in the company of the honest Viennese, with the fairy world of the *Volks Theatre*, where the good souls believe they are set down when they see the lights from Hitzing and Schonbrunn on a summer's evening, through the foliage of the leaves.

In one of these Farcès is shewn the Prince of the World of Spirits, sitting on a bed. He rings for the chamberlain, and inquires what sort of a wet cloud that is he has given him to sleep on. "It is impossible," is the reply, "to give you, this year, a drier one; even the police have entered a process about it. The seasons all are confounded together, and it is no more as it was of old." "Summon the Seasons here," answered the King of the Spirit World. They appeared. Winter is represented as an old man leaning on a staff. The Prince says to him,—“What is this I hear? Dost thou begin in thine old age to be so wet, *that* thou must give up? Every one of you must keep better to your posts, or else I will dismiss you, and that without a pension.” The Seasons were in a great *taking*; respectfully they kissed the hand of the King, and promised amendment. In another of these burlesques were presented to us a noble Viennese family, who had been so long poring over tales of chivalry, that they became convinced that the days of knighthood were far more glorious than those at present. Now they fall into a trance, and when they wake again they find themselves in armour and baronial costume. They



had fallen upon those happy hours they sighed for. A rough knight is introduced, who claims the hand of the daughter, and the whole house is enchanted with the splendid match. Soon, however, they learn to appreciate the barbarism of that age. They are forced to renounce all the comforts of civilized life, and are next transported to a dungeon to die of hunger. Then they all wished themselves back in Vienna, where there is roast meat to be got, and where they can drive to Hitzing, and to the theatre of the suburbs. Cured of their delusion, the Magician restores them again to our better and joyous days.

Ah! how Naomi wished that that magic world, of which the honest citizens spake, had been a reality! Like to the mountain Spirit, who stoned the hated bridal pair, she would have turned into stone Ladislav and the two women; but, like Prince Agib in his adventure, she would only have half-petrified them: their heads should think, their hearts bleed,—so that they might be conscious of their torments!

At the barrier they got out of the car. Ladislav then acted as if he had remarked Naomi for the first time,—threw his arm over her shoulder, so roughly, that she felt for a long time the blow,—and said, laughing,—“Friend Christian! What! thou goest too on adventures?—*That* I can pardon, my younker!—Nay, I could caress thee for it, to see that thou for once doest as we!” At these words he left her.

Half an hour later she was back in his lodging, on the Prater. Ladislav was not yet arrived. She threw herself in her clothes on the bed; but no tear filled her eyes,—no sigh escaped her lips! Now she heard some one coming,—it was he!

They looked at each other in silence.

"Thou hast probably accused thyself right well!" said Ladislaw, with a lowering mien.

Naomi was dumb, and looked at him with a haughty mournful look: he returned it with a sneer, and laughed aloud. Her lips trembled as though they were about to speak; but she held her tongue.

"Hast thou not seen," said he, "that my mare, when she is loose in the stall, runs neighing after me when I pass through the stable?—That she does from pure love, and therefore I caress her. Thou also runnest after me, but from a very different impulse."

At these words he took up a switch lying on the table, and smacking it in the air, directed it at Naomi, so that the end struck her neck. That was the bite of the Tarantula.

She stared at him with icy cold look!

"Ladislaw!" That was the only word she could utter, and she left the chamber.

Josephine slept.

Without, all was still and dark: only the rolling of a passing carriage echoed in the distance. The night was stormy: Charles's wain pointed to the North. Was Naomi thinking of her home in that direction? No! her thoughts turned to the wooden huts of the sons of the Parias,—to the haughty Ladislaw. No tear wetted her eye-lids; no sigh burst from her heart. So Ariadne gazed on the ocean; when she was persuaded that the seas had deserted her. She smiled like Medea, when she caught Jason with Creusa.

That same night, at the same hour, on Zealand's long main road, two other eyes were fixed on the same constellation; but hopefully, and trustingly, like Leander,

when he plunged into the waves of the Hellespont, and swam towards the fire which Hero had kindled.

On the Zealand main-road Christian was travelling that very night, all alone, to Copenhagen. He had arrived at the full persuasion that he could gain nothing more from Herr Knepus, and that he must go forth into the world to make a musician of himself. Peter Weick was wroth at it, and said,—“Christian may steer his vessel himself, instead of having me at the helm!” Lucy had wept; but Christian’s understanding was matured. He carried with him letters of introduction; and among them was one to a royal Lackey: so that he dreamed of something more substantial than empty promises and shakes of the hand. The calm summer night was very agreeable. The postillion blew his bugle, and echo repeated the long-drawn tones from the heights of Antvorskow.\* One star shone above all the rest in heaven—it was Cygnus, the Swan, as the dwellers of the South name it. “That is my lucky star,” thought Christian; and he inquired of his fellow-passengers the name of the star. “We call it the Evening Hen,” was the reply.

Christian thought of Naomi. She, however, gave her thoughts a free channel, and called up every bitter flower, which in the last months had grown up rankly in her heart, and from every flower she sucked poison.

She listened. She thought she heard the flow of the Danube. A meteor darted through the air, as hereafter the steam baloon will cleave the clouds.

She returned to the house, where Ladislaw slept! but she laid herself down on the floor, rested her head on the lowest steps of the staircase, and slumbered as an

\* Formerly a great convent.

Arab slumbers, who is with his mortal enemy under the same tent. They have been eating and drinking together. Hospitality is the holy shield between them. They have given each other their hands, and—slept. But their last thought is : “ We shall meet in another place. The Son of Paria and the Daughter of Israel have Asiatic blood. The hot sun glows there.

## CHAPTER IV.

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Ladislaus! Ladislaus! tout es auf's Neu'  
 Und dieselbe stimme ruft hinterdrein  
 Noch! lauter: Nein.

CASTILLI.

Es ist eine seltsame Sache,  
 Ich sprach Deutsch, und Danisch Du,  
 Und doch Verstanden wir uns im Nu,  
 Ja! Freund! im Ange liegt die Sprache,  
 Und im Herzen-der Schlüssel dazu.

STAMMBUCH FÜR H. C. ANDERSEN

VON CASTILLI.

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"I WILL go away!" said Naomi to Josephine,—the riding lady with the waving plumes, turban, and fluttering flags. "I will go away, whether I find bread, or death, or not!"

Josephine laughed. "We will drive together this forenoon to Josephsdorf and the Cloister of Neuberg," said she; "both of us, in the little cabriolet, with the flying Orlando. Thou wilt then be in a better humour, and Ladislav will kiss away the mark which the whip has made on thy beautiful neck, and then we shall have a reconciliation-feast in which we others shall take a share.

"Never!" answered Naomi.

"Then, no hatred of men, and no repentance!"\* said Josephine, smiling; "only it will be more diverting than the piece."

"Assist me to get a passport for Hungary or Bavaria," entreated Naomi; "it is all as one *where*, so that I can get away, and never set eyes on him again!"

"First we will make our excursion!" answered Josephine. "We will sip our chocolate in Josephsdorf, and take a look at the mountains, and see if the love of the Danube cannot awaken in you the desire of remaining here. One must not be over-hasty in taking a great step."

"It is not the first time that my heart has teemed with poison," said Naomi. "In Töplitz, fourteen days after I left my home, at his desire, I learnt to know him, and read in his heart, as in an open book; but then he exhibited cunning and foresight. My resolve is made!"

The cabriolet was put to. They got in, and drove off. They met, in the long avenues of the suburb, many driving and riding. The young gentlemen greeted Josephine; some ladies cast smiling looks at Naomi. Now the way led to the mountains, from whence the eye looks down on the lovely and smiling valley of the Danube.

"Look there," said Josephine; "how pleasantly the numerous avenues stretch out between the city and the suburbs. The Stephansthurm rises boldly above all the other buildings; and seest thou not the Danube,

\* "Keine Menschen kass, und Keine Rene," the name of a Burlesque piece, once popular at the *Volks-theatre*.

with its lovely green islands? Those blue mountains lie in Hungary. This prospect comes ever before my eyes when I hear sung, 'Once more the beauteous spot.\*' Certainly, Austria is far more beautiful than Denmark!"

"Both countries are very much alike," said Naomi. "We have in Jutland mountains as high as these, and the Little Belt, and the Sound afford a far finer prospect than the Danube! I only know of one advantage in favour of Vienna above Copenhagen: that it possesses a milder climate, and is nearer Italy."

"The Finlander longs after his bogs; the Esquimaux for his snows!" answered Josephine, laughing.

"I long not after Denmark, and would not return to it if I could; but I will not stay here. I am a free woman, no Austrian, and there can be no impediment to my travelling!"

"But Ladislaw will hinder it!" replied Josephine, "will take steps to hinder it, for the very reason, if he is in the humour, that by so doing, he may thwart and annoy thee!"

Here their conversation was interrupted by a sexton, who offered to shew them in an instant, corpses of one hundred years old, that were standing in the vaults of the church, and looked as if they had not been buried a day!

"We had rather see living men!" said Josephine.

"But there are beautiful curiosities besides," the old man assured them. It was scarcely an hour since he had *ciceroned* a Polish gentleman, who had found them

\* "Voch einmal die schone Gezend"—The favourite song of the Viennese.

so interesting, that he had noted them down in his journal. "The gentleman," he added, "had forgotten to take it away with him; but that he would carry it, in the course of the day, to the police-office, and the gentry there, had such good note of all travellers, that he hoped the book would, before evening, be again in the hands of its rightful owner."

The writing was Danish. Naomi seemed to know the hand. She greedily devoured the contents, and read here and there in it: The memoranda were not intended for publication.

"The strange gentleman must have been a Dane, not a Pole," said Naomi.

"The King of Denmark, perhaps?" asked the old man. "Aye! now I know him, from having seen him at the Congress. He then had white hair, and was as friendly and courteous as our good Emperor Francis. Whenever I pass by the 'Woodlouse,'\* I cannot help looking at the Danish King, Frederick."

The old man was now more talkative. Naomi did not listen to him, but continued to pore over the leaves of the diary, smiling and blushing, between whiles.

"Was the stranger here an hour ago?" she inquired.

"Yes, sir!" answered the old sexton,—“but I don't know where he is gone to. Most likely to the city.”

They again entered the cabriolet,—the fiery Orlando raised his head aloft, and trotted fast with them to the Cloister, whose high cupola, surmounted by the imperial crown, rises splendidly into the blue air. They both entered the vaulted cloister-hall. Here stood the stranger! Naomi trembled; she would not for all the

\* The name of a sign in Vienna.



world have hit upon him. Yes! it was he! whose whereabouts the day-book recorded. She had not been mistaken; it was the Count,—he whom she called father!

He bowed, and spoke, *en passant*, to Josephine. Naomi passed him without being recognized.

"Here there reigns as much magnificence and wealth as in the cloister M $\ddot{o}$ lk," said Josephine; "but I love this old edifice, that I have known from infancy, dearer. How often have I not run from here to Leopoldschloss. There from above, they relate that the veil of the Duchess fell floating down, and entangled itself in a thorn-bush, that once stood where the cloister does now."

"I have no taste for your stories!" said Naomi, and her voice trembled. "Come, haste! for we cannot remain here; the strange gentleman is a relation of mine!" She led Josephine to the cabriolet, that was waiting for them outside. They were about to get in, when the Count came out of the church!

"Your pardon," said he: "is not this cloister renowned for its wine-cellar? There must be a tun here that belongs to the curiosities of the place."

"I have heard of it," answered Josephine, "but have never seen it."

"Here is the tun, your honours!" called out, from behind them, the cooper, who was employed, with some comrades, in hooping a cask.

"You have no desire to visit the celebrated tun?" inquired the Count.

Josephine looked at Naomi in confusion, but the latter had resumed her presence of mind. She bowed to the Count, and entered, with Josephine, the work-

shop. It consisted of a large vault, round which lay great and small casks. The king of all was the well-known tun

By means of a ladder, they could mount to the top of it; the bung-hole is so large that people can easily get into the inside, and there is room enough there for a ball.

"Aye!" said the cooper, "thousands have danced on its back, who now lie in their graves. But the tun is still strong and clean, it must know our children's children as well as our great great-grandfathers and great great-grandmothers,—that to a certainty. But you must step in, else you will not be able to judge of its size."

Naomi sprang up the ladder, and descended into the tun. The Count followed her, but his countenance expressed some surprise; for the way in which Naomi went down the ladder, betrayed her sex. Josephine peeped through the aperture in the tun: it seemed to be a large room. Naomi danced about the Count, whilst her thoughts wandered over mountain and valley.

Soon she was seated with Josephine in the cabriolet, that dashed off at a rapid pace.

"Do you know those two?" inquired the Count of the cooper, but he shook his head.

"They were riders in the Prater," said the apprentice; they were *Mamselle* Josephine and the Little Jockey. She understands the thing well. The Jockey is not worth much."

The light cabriolet followed the crowd of carriages along the Danube.

"Away, I will, and must go!" said Naomi. "Thou

hast a relation in Munich, Josephine! Give me a letter to her. I have some effects of value: for eight days I cannot wait, and a week may do much!"

Whole *folios* have been written on love,—all the shades of it have been run through, and sung out; but few authors have described hate,—that is, as rich in *nuances* as love itself. Hatred that springs out of love is a devilish voluptuousness. But it is a voluptuousness to hate one,—with a burning hate,—who had wickedly trodden in the dust our best joys and most innocent pleasures. All know the feeling of hate. It is an *animalculi*, that lives in the blood of man.

As the wine vanished in the cup of Tantalus when the drops were spilled, so was it with Naomi's love.

"I thought I was elevated so far above my sex," thought she, "and I have demeaned myself to the son of a Gipse, whose nobility alone consists in the flatteringly deceptive gifts of Nature—the form of man. Now it disgusts me like the skin of a snake!"

"Thou art more of a man than a woman!" said Josephine.

"In that case I shall easily find my way through the world!" answered Naomi. "Ladislaw believes probably that I am like other women, who for three or four days have their hearts full of gall, and then show themselves weak and forgiving. I will no longer remain with him. There is a saying, that ill-luck seldom comes alone. My father met me to-day. That was the gentleman with whom we spoke in the Cloister of Neuberg! Could he have recognized me! I have ever despised the Prodigal Son, not because he ate swines' flesh, but because he returned home. He must have known his father to be a weak man. To ask pardon

and receive favours in his condition, was like a reprieve in *extremis*.

"I will away! Ladislav is to me no more than the postillion who drives us. My weakness was a dream, a foolish dream !

"The police in Vienna know every thing relative to strangers," had said in other words the old gravedigger in Josephsdorf,—and therefore he had sent the lost journal thither. Before evening it was in the hands of its owner. The police also informed him that in the equestrian troop there was a young man, by name Christian, of a fine, almost womanish make, and commonly called the Jockey. That he was a girl in disguise the police did not say. The Count wished to be present at that day's representation.

It began: Josephine floated along on the back of her horse as usual; Bajazzo cut his jokes and jibes; Ladislav showed himself that evening as a Greek in dark red satin. His cap became wonderfully his haughty features; his coal-black eyes sparkled behind their large eye-brows, and round his classic mouth played that sneering smile, peculiarly his own. Never did a more beautiful gladiator ever enter the arena. On all sides plaudits were showered on him; but the applause moved him not, for he was as little animated with it as with the music, to which he galloped round the arena. The poison that festered in his soul, the smile on his lips betrayed. He knew that Naomi, whom he had seen at the commencement of the representation, was, during its progress, on her journey. He knew that she had obtained a passport to Munich. She was the first woman that had dared to leave him. Would he be so contemptuously treated! he knew how

to revenge himself, and that was easy at accomplishment. Without doubt, she at this moment was travelling post on her way to Linz. But the diligence set off this evening, the same route, and he ordered a passport that instant for himself. He would overtake her; and if he doubted of being able to persuade her to return with him, she was at least in his power. She was a woman, and her passport was taken out in the name of a man; that was enough to defame her.

In this persuasion, he smiled more sneeringly than usual, and made still wilder springs into the air, which his courser so well seconded, and the spectators shouted louder than before.

The Count sat right in front of the barrier; he forgot at this moment her whom his eyes sought in vain to distinguish among the troop, as Ladislaw left the course. At the close of the representation Ladislaw drove with his jockey in the little cabriolet to the city.

At the post-house the diligence was standing ready to start. The passengers got in. One was bound for Cloyster Neuberg, another for Saltsburg, a third for Paris, &c. At the back of the carriage was posted a young man, who had bound a handkerchief about his head, and had slouched down his cap about both ears. He was suffering from tooth-ache, and going to Munich. Opposite to him Ladislaw took his place. He crossed legs with his neighbour, in order to sit more comfortably. Ladislaw and Naomi had by accident or chance thus met! She recognized him, but would not trust her eyes till he spoke; then she was conscious of his presence!

She had thought it best to travel by the diligence,

that made no stoppages. That Ladislaw should make one of the party augured no good, for she was satisfied that he was there on her account. How would that end?

The postillion blew his horn, the whip cracked,—parting farewells were heard, and the vehicle rolled over the Stephens-platz, and through the lamp-lit streets. The Burg theatre was closed, the audience streamed through the streets, all the passengers looked out of the carriage, to see if they could recognize no acquaintance,—all save Naomi, who leant her head on one side, in order that the light of the lamp might not show her face. They were soon in the green avenue, and reached the suburb Mariahilf. All chattered and sought to kill time. Naomi alone seemed to sleep, although the consciousness of none of the passengers was more awake than hers. She was examining her ground, and considering what was the best counsel to take. She might very well pass the night in the carriage,—she had no need to get out; but when the day broke, and they halted to drink coffee at St. Polten's,—what then? Ladislaw spoke to her, but she made no answer. She trembled in every limb, and he must have remarked it, for their legs touched.

They had now been an hour on the road, and found themselves in a little village, that like Hitzing, is the summer retreat of the Viennese. The last is nearer Vienna, and is, like it, a town in the country, with much noise, dust, and movement. Butterdorf was its name, and it is much more rural than Hitzing, and has a more extended view of the green pretty hills, so that the villas there have a truly Idyllian appearance.

Before the inn the diligence stopped. Some gen-

tllemen got out,—Naomi followed their example; for she was resolved not to resume her place there. In haste she turned down the first street that led into the meadows, and ran at full speed. At the extremity of the lane, on the right, was a small country house. Naomi hid herself in the ditch that bound the garden. Her heart beat! she listened to hear if any one pursued her.

The post-horn sounded; the diligence rolled on, and she said, with Riguebourg, in her stifled heart, but with different feelings, "Now he is gone!"

Then, at the same moment, a loud laugh echoed from the garden; ladies and gentlemen came out of the little gate that leads to the meadow, and crossed over it. It was a merry party, and all the names she heard mentioned were known to her; Madame Von Weissenthurn, the clever poetess, and the actor Cost-noble were among them.

"Grillparfer! is it not true, that you, to-morrow, are to read your Sappho at my house?" said the lady, and all spake with animation meanwhile.

"Good night! Good night!" was then heard from one end of the little lane, and repeated at the other, and one of the gentlemen returned over the meadow. Probably it was the host, who had accompanied thus far his guests. He had with him a dog, who, on a sudden, made a spring at the ditch, where Naomi sat, pricked up his ears, and then began to bark loudly. The man approached the ditch.

"Who is there?" inquired the voice. Naomi got up.

"That is a bad night's lodging!" said he; "the dew falls. You do not mean to sleep there?"

"Pardon me!" said Naomi; "whom have I the honour of addressing?"

The gentleman smiled. "I am Castelli," answered he; "and thou, my friend, what is thy name?"

"Castelli?" answered Naomi. "The poet?"

"Yes, that I am," he replied.

"I have known you for many years," said Naomi. "Your poems have often given me many a happy hour. When a little child, I learned your 'Praise of Children.' Far away from here, you engaged my thoughts; and I little thought that we should meet, and meet in this manner!"

"You are no German," said the poet; "and, if I can judge by your accent, you are a Dane."

"That I am!" responded Naomi.

"This evening," said the gentleman, "there was a countryman of yours here,—a young doctor."

"I confide entirely in you," said Naomi; "for I have always pictured to myself that a poet must feel nobler and better than common men!"

"There I do not agree with you," answered the gentleman. "Poets have only this advantage over other men: they have better memories, and a more thorough knowledge of themselves, and understand how to express what they feel and know." At these words, he opened the gate and they entered the little flower-garden.

"Chance has brought me to you," said Naomi. "You must give me counsel, and assist me." And now she related to him how she was a woman, and a Dane; that she had left a quiet easy life at home to be cheated here of all her hopes. She related all her dis-



appointments and crosses, and what had happened to her that evening.

The good-natured excellent man felt as all others would have done, under the same circumstances, somewhat confused at being the confidant of Naomi; for what could he think of such a girl? The Danish ambassador would doubtless be the right person to apply to, he thought. But now it was too late that night. She was so beautiful—so forsaken; and her lips breathed eloquence. The poet sent for his house-keeper, and Naomi was led into the little spare room that looked out at the mountains.

In the still night she opened the window. The setting moon stood low in heaven; before her disk vanished, an important change in Naomi's destiny was preparing. Dreamingly she was lost in thought, as her look rested on the starry host. But her contemplations were active; she laid a plan for the coming day.

## CHAPTER V.

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Leb wohl!—Du schlingst der arm um meinem?  
Du hältst mich fest—ich soll nicht geh'n.

• CASTELLI.

Kennit du das land, wodie Citronen blumer?  
Dorthin?

. GÖTHE.

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THE next morning, when Naomi made her appearance at the breakfast-table, the poet gave her his hand friendly,—his dog leapt to meet her, and she caressed the animal: his bark had been her introduction to the Poet!

“It is a true faithful attached creature,” said the good host. “If he dies before me it would affect me much.”

At this moment a cabriolet rolled along the little lane, and stopped at the entrance of the quiet garden. A morning visit,—Hans, the young physician, Naomi's country-man, of whom Castelli had spoken. Another stranger accompanied him; also a Dane, who desired to make the acquaintance of the dear poet. This stranger was the Count—Naomi's father!

The doctor possessed that quality which few Danes

are famous for abroad,—much enthusiasm for novelty, combined with a stirring attachment for fatherland, that easily grows into a painful longing after home. He at least laid himself out to represent it so; and where can more occasions present themselves of so doing than at Vienna? The inhabitants of that city have so much in common with the Copenhageners, in great and small things, that the similarity between the two is striking, only that the Viennese are more lively.

"The Prater," said he, "with its conjurers and showmen, is our park; the palace of Schonbrunn is our *Friedrichsburg*. The *Stephansturm* with its high tower, has certainly a character of its own in the Imperial City;" but the doctor was then reminded of St. Saviour's-church, whose tower was as great a curiosity in its way,—a tower to which a spiral stair-case winds up, provided with gilded balustrades, and that leads to the great ball, on which a bronze figure with flags flying, stands erect. "If," added the young doctor, "the *Stephansturm* has a view of the Hungarian mountain-chain, so that from St. Saviour's Church is not less imposing, looking down as it does on the whole of the Sound and the Swedish coast." Of all foreign cities, with which he was acquainted, Vienna pleased him the best, for it was so cheerful. Jager's and Sonnenleitner's\* houses brought back to his mind the Danish domestic circles; but how often had not melancholy feelings been thereby revived in his soul,—he was so far removed from his young wife and his little daughter! "Tears often filled his eyes," he said, "when he met

\* Names of the families in Vienna who are very hospitable to the Danes.

little girls of her age, in the streets of Vienna. This had happened to him that very morning, when he met a young maiden and her little sister tending a goat that grazed, and was milked as often as passers-by desired a drink of milk!"

The Count spoke jestingly of the sentimentality of the young man, as he called him.

"You do not know what it is to have children!" said the Doctor. "If you had such a one as mine you would feel as I do. A new world full of joys would rise before your eyes. There is a blessedness in the smile of a child. You should see how it stretches out its little hands towards me: you should hear its earliest words! Oh! I could wish you had a little daughter,—a darling such as mine!"

The Count lifted his eyes on Naomi, and then said seriously and firmly.

"I had a daughter, but she is dead!" He was silent, and the young Physician appeared somewhat embarrassed: it had not been his intention to hurt the Count's feelings.

The conversation then turned on the Count's short stay in Vienna, and his journey into Italy, from whence he was to return, by France, to his own country.

At taking leave, the Poet accompanied his guest through the garden. Naomi remained behind. Nothing was more natural than that he should confide to her compatriots what he had heard, and how he had become implicated in the adventure. The Doctor laughed: the Count, however, was absent and very serious.

They proceeded over the meadow, and through the green valley that stretches to the hills. Along the gar-

den wound, in graceful curves, a narrow foot-path. This foot-path, half an hour after, the Count and Naomi were seen treading with one another. They were talking Danish. The sparrows twittered lustily to them; the flowers sent forth their perfumes as if all nature breathed out peace and joy; and the snails basked in the enlivening sun-shine.

"Naomi!" said the Count, "how couldst thou so far forget thyself, as to bring shame on me and on thee?"

"My birth was its consecration," she answered. "To blame I am;—much however speaks in my justification, if such were necessary. My very being was a youthful sin, and like the seed is the fruit!"

"What will thy future life be?" he inquired.

"That of thousand others!" she replied. "An existence that is not worth living for. But I *have* lived, and it were but for a day, —well,—I am myself free and unfettered, though I have to listen to injurious words, that have wounded me most sensitively; and yet, at the very moment, your look exercises over me a power that restrains me. The world considers me as your daughter, and you do not believe me to be so. I am then but a stranger, on whom you have conferred benefits, and whom you yet long to subject to you. I have disowned subjection, and you give me up. Every failing, every sin, has its punishment in its consequences. Let me support mine. One kindness I would have you heap on my former ones: it is, I entreat you, not to show that you know me."

They were standing under a tree, when the voice of the doctor was heard, calling them back. Castelli and he came up.

"We had a difference of opinion," said Naomi,

smiling. "The Count called this white flower a violet. I averred it was only a wild little stepmother."\* She pointed to a pansy in the path.

"If cultivated in the garden," said Castelli, it acquires remarkable beauty. I cannot, however, conceive why they have given it that name, for it is by no means step-motherly."

"It shews, however, that it is rightly-named," said Naomi, as she stooped to gather one. "Look, here are five leaves, two of them sit on one stalk, they are the hindermost, the step-children: those two on either side, are the mother's own children,—each sits upon his own seat; and this great leaf, in front, is the step-mother herself: she has two chairs to sit upon."

"That is, indeed, a clever explanation!" said the Poet, laughing. "I never heard it before."

"So we have it in Denmark!" observed the Physician. "It is singular that one hears of bad step-mothers, but never of bad step-fathers!"

"The fault is in their weaknesses!" said the Count.

Whether we shall have to prove or not the truth of his remark, will depend on our review of his life, when, having quitted the Poet's company, we transport ourselves to the Tyrolese mountains,—there where the young swains, with flowers in their hats, *jodled* in the fresh morning air, and sang of their Andreas Hofer, as the Swiss do of their William Tell, and Winkelreid.

Yet five days are scarcely elapsed since we described the meeting of the Count and Naomi,—this discussion about bad stepmothers,—and already we are shewn the reality of a forgiving stepfather.

\* In Danish and German it is so called.

The light travelling-carriage rattled over the main-road. Foot-passengers, horsemen, and drivers, met there for the first and last time in this world, and yet the Count shut his eyes to sleep. By him sat a young lady, in a habit; the map of Italy lay in her lap, and Mary Ann Stark's well-known guide-book, was in her hand. Deep under the road foams the raging torrent, and the fleecy-clouds hang on the lofty mountain-peaks. The lady threw a look on the land of love, and we recognised Naomi! Her thoughts dreamed of Italy, and therefore she did not enjoy the present',—but they flew to the land of the *Fata Morgana*, to the holy halls of art. The Alps are their portal; the eagle, a sparrow that builds his nest on their cornices. Pines lift their high columns with evergreen capitals. Here is the home of melody,—here blooms the rose in the snow of the Alps!

The ground which your foot treads on, is steeped in the blood of the noblest, consecrated by its marble, on which the Temple of *Fortune* is based. A life was breathed out of the dead stone, and it becomes the statue that enraptures thy soul! The sea is of a lovely blue, like that of the corn-flower, transparent as the drops of a fountain,—beautiful flowers like those of Mahomet's paradise smile on thee! Land of tones and colours! "Italia! Hail! Thither!" sang the poet of Mignon;\* a thousand hearts repeated, like a clanging echo, the words of painfully-sweet longing after that which can never be bodied forth into reality.

## CHAPTER VI.

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Naturen var ikke de Fattiges Ven,  
 Den var os en haardhjertet Amme;  
 Deres Naade Kan gjore igjen,  
 Gjør de Naturen tils kamme.

KARL BAGER.

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SOME French writer has written a very witty Treatise on Attics, in which it is said, that, as in men understanding and genius have their seat assigned them in the highest part of the human body, the head, so it is with authors and artists in Paris. They dwell in garrets. Scribe has written a *vaudeville* about the artist-life there, under the title of "*La Mansarde des Artistes*." This lot is not confined to Paris; in all great capitals, poor artists, as respects their lodgings, are placed very high. So was Christian in Copenhagen. Six flights of steps led to a little room in the roof behind,—at a widow's. The same where Lucy and her mother had lodged during their short stay in that city. His view was extensive: it stretched over

Nature is not good to the poor,  
 She coldly replies to his lamentations.  
 To your *Honours* she returns thanks, with interest,  
 When they dishonour her.



chimnies and roofs to the high tower on which the nightly watchman takes up his post. The rich people who inhabited the five stories under him had the whole gay street before them; he could see the blue vault of heaven in the day, and the stars on a clear night. As to his chamber, it was much smaller than he had occupied at Herr Knepus's; it was a three-cornered place; for before the door it slanted on both sides at right angles, broken only by the window, let into the roof. The bed was a sort of alcove. Right opposite to it was affixed the casement, through which he could observe the moon.

With a thoughtful heart he prayed to God for his singular good fortune. He had four lessons a week, and received a mark \* for each. Two of his pupils' friends gave him a dinner four days in a week, and on the other three he had to live on buttered-bread. But he must be always well dressed, and to that effect he mended his clothes himself,—stitched and brushed them; and, when a white streak became visible, he immediately blacked it with ink. He also repaired his shoes himself; as to the soles he paid no attention to them, it was enough that the upper-leathers were good! He was a little sheepish in his gait, and was more so when a hole was to be concealed; and he recollected that his coat did not allow any liberties to be taken with it for fear of consequences! He would rather have his awkwardness criticized than betray his poverty. He wished to conceal from his hostess that he went three times weekly without a dinner; and, therefore, issued out to walk at twelve o'clock, and made a little tour round the citadel there to eat his roll, on the shore

\* Eight-pence English.

of the Sound, or in the park, to feed with the nursery-maids and children, in sight of the incurious fountains. On Fridays and Saturday she dined with the War-Counsellor, who had sailed with Peter Weicle to Copenhagen. That was a house of distinction; but more distinguished still was the eldest son, the student, of whom his tailor had made a handsome man; and who, though his allowance was small, was looked up to by many of his fellow collegian. He never exchanged a word with Christian, nor saluted him when he entered or went away. The mother spoke of his morals,—the young stitcher blushed thereat. If friends were invited, Christian was sent away; for it could be no amusement to him to be in company with people whom he did not know! The fact was, that he could not so brush his coat that it was fit to appear in such company!

On Wednesdays and Thursdays he had free-table at the Lackey's, the king's lackey, an acquaintance on whom he much relied to bring him reputation and fortune; for this man could speak to the great on his behalf, and Madame had them constantly on her lips. Her husband could go in and out where councillors of war and very distinguished people danced attendance before the doors of the anticamera. She also never called her husband Lackey, but said he belonged to the circle of their high mightinesses.

The little daughter of this couple was one of his pupils. The maiden was called after the whole of the royal family, and had received at her baptism the following names: Mary, Carolina, Wilhelmina, Charlottc, Emily, Juliana, Frederica,—but commonly on week-days styled Micky, an abbreviation of the last.

He found it comfortable in his little chamber, though

it was cold when the winter set in. He purchased turf and wood by *skillings* at a time, and large icc-flowers ramificated on his window-panes. Also, it was not every evening that he could afford the luxury of a candle, but in the dark he could indulge in *fantasias* on his violin.

"There is a page for you on the window," said the maiden, as she dusted his room, and pointed to the figure on the glass. The hostess shook her head, for just such a page had for seven years been standing at the window where her husband cobbled. "Seest thou, mother!" he would remark, "that handsome page here, who beckons to me!"—and two months after he was lying in his grave. That was the death-messenger who carried him off; but here that could not be the case, for Christian was a young man. The thoughts of cold death made him shudder; and in the midst of the want that pressed on him, and bared of every hope of a better future, the desire of life awaked in him,—he seized his fiddle, and forgot hunger and cold in the beautiful melodies that he drew out of the instrument. Many a solitary evening its tones were his whole supper, till the cold in his fingers deprived them of further movement. 'Falent and pathos were in these *fantasias*, but no one heard them. Fortune,—capricious fortune, would not mount up so many steps to seek out genius in the attic.

Mendlessohn-Bartholff has composed some musical pieces that he calls, "Songs without Words,\*" but every one can read them in his soul. Christian's playing on the violin spoke eloquently; and may such words

\* "Liede ohne Worte."

find an audience in the saloons of the great and mighty;—may every age save true talent from perishing of want and misery.

The great and mighty of the earth! You understand the works of the painter and statuary; with which you adorn your halls and sumptuous show-rooms; but what the poet and the composer have created, is to you a mystery. The richest tapestry of the spirit that “neither moth nor rust can corrupt;” you appreciate it only when a century has taught you its divine worth. *Do not let, (we intreat you), true talent be buried and lost with its possessors.* Must these words, like Christian’s playing, sound unheard?

In the Lackey’s abode reigned elegance, that is in furniture, and a brilliant collection of books. All the books were bound in morocco and had gilt edges; but when they were taken in hand, they were found to be so many “*Annals from citizen friends.*” \*

Madame was a great reader; she was a subscriber to a book-club, from which she got two books at a time; generally consisting of some terrific bandit-novel for the day reading, and a love-story for the evening recreation. She acted also in a German Dramatic Company, for she was confirmed in a German church.†

Besides this, she prized Christian’s talent. Every artist has, like Goëthe, his Bettina, only that they cannot all write. Madame was also a great admirer of Christian’s talent, or rather the only one who expressed her

\* Jahrgarge vom Bürgerfreunde.

† In Copenhagen there are two Lutheran churches, where the Service is read in German and Danish, on alternate Sundays, and a reformed church where German and French is preached.

admiration of it. If she had a party at her house, he was always invited,—that is to say, to come with his violin; and he then played to the company, and undertook, late at night, the office, not yet put down, of accompanying the ladies home, a sort of soccage duty.

Often, when he was somewhat melancholy, she assured him that he was a fortunate man, and that there were thousands of poor starving wretches who were much worse off than he.

It is very just what has been said of a great part of the critics,\* that they chew through a book to discover if there are not some little stones that grate under their teeth.\* Such a *chawing* was become an inevitable necessity to the War-Counsellor. He separated his books to be reviewed into two parts,—those which should be taken up in mild weather, and when he was friendly disposed, and those which were selected for the bad season. Injurious personalities he never ran up a debt with. The good War-Counsellor put himself and others in a passion; they forgot on both sides, that in the other world, where we shall all be brought up for judgment, all errors of the press will be rectified; all false readings corrected; and there we shall, to a certainty, go hand in hand with one another, and smile at our common strife in the boy-years of our earthly existence. A reviewer's opinion is but that of one man, who often shews us whether the dreamer stands above or below those on whom he passes sentence.

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The War-Counsellor shewed Christian much sym-

\* See Worm's Letters to Professor Rycrup, in nineteen Vols., entitled, "Ryt Theologist.Bibliothek."

pathy, and therefore the youth loved him. By the influence of this great man he hoped to obtain the so-called honour of letting himself be heard between the acts in the Dramatic Company of which his patron was one of the directors. That would be a mighty and decisive step to fortune: he trusted by it to excite an interest in many.

"I have spoken for you to my colleagues," said the War-Counsellor to Christian;—"they are all for it, as well as the manager, who has as much to say on that subject as a director."

By a dirty staircase at the back that led up to the fifth floor, was entered the Temple of Thalia, where the actors looked as if they had been paraded on a presentation salver. Rehearsals were held, where the greatest difference of opinion and confusion prevailed. The amateur threatened immediately to go his way if it was not allowed him to leave out what he could not recollect of his part. What he put in of his own was as good as what was written for him, and he had as much right as the War-Counsellor to make interpolations. The lady of thirty, who played the grandmother, would not consent, at any rate, to make herself appear older than she was. She looked quite old enough, she said, in all conscience. In short, all was contention and quarrelling.

At last came the Friday evening. Christian had hired a suit of black for the occasion, and the hostess singed his locks with the fire-tongs. His cheeks glowed—his heart throbbed as the curtain rose, and he stood before the audience, consisting altogether, for the most part, of the lowest class of citizens that stared at him!

He played well, and the directors received him behind the scenes, pressed his hand, and paid him compliments. A barber, who himself fingered the violin, and a lottery office-keeper, who beat the kettle-drum, rushed upon the stage to thank him, and lifted him up to the third heaven for his flageolet tones, and his touch.

"My fortune is made," thought Christian; "this evening every one will be talking of me—every body thinking of nothing but me!" Every player, even to the halberdiers, whose part consists in crying "Back," thinks the same of his acting. At half-past twelve\* the representation was at length ended, and, as far as time went, it may be said of this sort of entertainment, that it was at least of long duration.

Christian could not sleep; when he got back to his garret, he looked out into the star-lit night, and thought of his fortunes, of Lucy, and Peter Weick; of warm summer days, and of Naomi!

Every letter which he sent home breathed joy and youthful courage; every hope and expectation was expressed in those letters in the liveliest terms.

His mother indulged the sweet thought that his fortune would soon be made. He frequented great houses, and had played his fiddle at the theatre. In her poverty, she thought of a brilliant life. She knew his good heart; and as God had taken away from her her little child, she set out on the box with the coachman, and although somewhat sickly, travelled to Copenhagen, to dwell with Christian, of whose bril-

\* All the public theatres were closed before ten o'clock.

liant success she has *given* accounts to all her neighbours and friends.

"It would be a surprize to her dear son to see her arrive;" and *that* it indeed was!

There sat now mother and son in the little angular garret. The snow beat against the window, and the hostess was discontented with the visit.

"Thou hast a good heart," said Mary. "I thank my God for having given thee to me as a blessing."

She slept on Christian's bed, and he at the window, the frozen window, and prayed with a devout spirit, "Thou God of mercy, take pity on us!"



## CHAPTER VII.

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Prachtiger, als wir im Worden,  
 Wohnt der Bettler an den Engelsporten,  
 Denn er sieht das ewge einz ge Rom.

SCHILLER.

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It is too distressing to linger in the cold narrow garret, where the mother slumbers and the son suffers. We will quit it,—fly away from the chilly blast and deep sighs,—fly to the great and magnificent saloons of the warm south, to look after Naomi, and when we have found her, we shall find ourselves in the city of remiscences, the colosseum of the world—Rome! \*

The mild breeze flutters to welcome us,—the lamp is burning before the Madonna, where beautiful children kneel, and sing, with the clear, full voices of the south, their Evening-Hymn. The tapers shine through the coloured glass of the churches, where the mass is being performed, and lovers meet. The peasant and the beggar wrap themselves in their cloaks, and choose their couches on the broad steps. The muffled procession, with the blazing torches, winds through the

\* O Rom!

Du Werldens Colesie.—NICANDER.

narrow crooked streets. On the *Piazza Venezia* flambeaux are blazing that are fastened to iron forks, and Papal soldiers on horseback keep guard by them. There was a ball at the Duchess Torlonia's; a great part of the guests consisted of foreigners, from the other side the Alps. The colonnades were blindingly illuminated. Busts and statues, by the uncertain light, seemed animated, the great staircase was decorated with exotics in full bloom, and the picture-gallery is opened to the assembly for a promenade. Dancing is going on in both the great saloons, on their mirror-shining smooth floors; the adjoining rooms are filled with card-players, and those engaged in conversation. Engravings, and English and French papers are found in the reading-room. Let us step into the great ball-saloon, and look at the magnificent candelabra. In the great niche in front stands a colossal Hercules, who, in his wild agony, has seized Lychas by the foot and hair to hurl him against the rocks,—a strange contrast to the soft melody of the dance, and the joyous youth that moved to it.

The Count was in conversation with an Italian, of an agreeable expression of countenance and fine features. That was the Statuary Canova, the pride of Italy. He pointed to Naomi, who was floating along in the waltz, on the arm of a young French officer.

"Truly a singular beauty!" said Canova; "a thorough Roman look; and yet I hear she is from the North?"

"She is my adopted daughter!" answered the Count. "The young officer, with whom she is dancing, is the son of the Marquis Ribard, one of the noblest families in Paris. He is a young man of wit and talent; I have known him since he was fourteen years of age."

Naomi, in all the gaiety of life and the vivacity of youth, looked like a younger sister of Titian's Flora, or a daughter of Raphael's Fornarina,—at least, she was a relation of that portrait. Her round, white arm rested on the young man's shoulder. He was tall, and well-built, his look was full of life and animation, and he could scarcely be twenty-three years of age. A dissipated life had paled the roses on his cheek, but the youthful fire of his eye heightened their colour. Now he led Naomi to a rich divan, and brought her refreshments.

In the North, where now the snow drifted, Christian dreamed in the garret of Naomi. She was sitting on his bed, threw her arm round his neck, and kissed his brow. In the Prater, Ladislaw dreamed in the boarded house, the whip hung by his bed-side,—and he too dreamed of Naomi, and laughed mockingly in his dream. She, however, in the delights of the present, had forgot them both.

“One would think himself in Paris here!” said the Marquis. “All reminds me of our saloons. But if in Rome itself one wished to see a representation of the bacchanalian orgies of the old Romans, between four walls, one must take part in the assemblies of the young artists. They drink, crowned with joy, and cool their hot brows with fresh roses. Of the many artists that live here, the greater part are Germans; and here they hold their *fêtes* of this description. The French, English, and Danes, add to the number; and, like artists, they all form one nation,—that of talent. During my first stay here, or rather my flying visit to Rome, I may say that I dwelt in their *Cervaro*,—a sort of modern bacchanal in the Campagna. Most of the members on

these occasions are in masquerade disguises, and dress themselves in the most burlesque costumes; and in this trim ride on horses and donkeys at break of day, out of the *Portu Maggiore*. We saw the last time a Zoroaster drawn by two lions, that were no other than well-fed asses. Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, were much distinguished in the procession. The whole formed a perfect carnival train; and from it songs, in all languages, filled the air. Without, in the cave where we halted, stood a three-headed Cerberus. On the green height danced little imps around, pistols cracked, and great fires were lighted. The asses threw many of their riders on the grass,—there lay the Chinese Tschang, Tsching-Tschu, by the side of her majesty the queen of Sheba. The races must not be forgotten, —every second jockey mounted and floored, was a Dr. Syntax."

"Were ladies present at this *fête*?" inquired Naomi.

"Certainly, my Signorina!" answered the young Marquis. "I have inticed there ladies of all nations, native and foreign. In the Hostelry, on the contrary, where the artists pass every evening, no females are admitted: there is a tobacco-smoke, in which no Parisian fair one could breathe. Notwithstanding this, the few evenings that I have made one of the party, I have been amused gloriously. If I were a painter I would bring on my canvass these grotesque groupes; and if a poet, would write a *vaudeville* on what I saw then."

"You excite in me a strong desire to go there," said Naomi. "Is there no peephole from which a spectator could behold, unremarked, these *fêles*?"

"If you could disguise yourself as a man. I would venture to introduce you."

"A woman of the North is not afraid of disguises," said Naomi.

"One of my friends," continued the Marquis, "is to be presented to-morrow. There will then be a *pontemolle*, as it is called. Formerly it was the custom among the artists, when a distinguished compatriot was made an associate, to go out to meet him. Now the reception takes place in Rome itself, at the inn where the artists assemble. Every artist, whether he has a name or not, is a brother of the Order, as soon as he gives a *pontemolle*, which means that he pays for all that is consumed on the evening of his initiation by the other guests. The waiter places full flasks one after the other on the table. There are performed some tolerably droll ceremonies, and the addition to the party is named a Knight of the Order of Bajocco, whose decorations consist of a copper baiocco, fastened to a ribbon, that at every new *pontemolle* is hung about his neck. Horace Vernet, Overbeck, and Thorwaldsen, are all members of this Order."

A fresh dance was begun, the conversation was broken off, and arm in arm both the interlocutors flew over the polished floor.

The next day at noon, the Marquis drove up in his cabriolet to the hotel of the Piazza, or Spagna, where the Count lodged. Naomi was invited to a drive in the Villa-Pamphile gardens.

Although placed right under the walls, they appear to one who enters them far removed from the city. There is nothing to be seen of Rome, and the wide

prospect opens upon the Campagna, where the six-miles-long aqueduct on stone arches, many fathoms in height, in beautiful waving lines, bounds the horizon.

Though it was in January, the sun streamed warmth. The day was like a September day in the North. The proud pines lifted their ever-green heads into the pure blue sky. Laurels, especially the *pinus cerasus*, formed the underwood, and gave the whole a summer aspect. Yellow oranges hung between the green bowers; the roses and anemonies were in bloom; and round about in the vistas the water from vases and fountains scattered its diamonds.

Naomi spoke again of her great desire to accompany the Marquis that evening to the hotel. "She had a man's dress, a *blouse*, which she had had made for the approaching carnival," she said;—and besides, she had,—but *that* she did not say,—her Viennese jockey attire; which, however, she could not possibly wear, for that would remind her of times which she might well wish to forget.

They then spoke of her father, who was to join the society, and "her going would be easily arranged," suggested the Marquis.

They had passed through the whole garden, and stopped again at the wicket-gate, on the main road. On a broken capitol was sitting a capuchin monk, in his brown cloak;—a white straw hat shadowed his bald pate, and sandals were on his bare feet.

The Marquis greeted him as an old acquaintance, and related to Naomi that the monk, from time to time, made him a visit.

"I see him," he said, "as often as he makes a collection for his convent. If he is contented with my

offerings, he treats me with a pinch of snuff. Moreover, you must know, that he is a countryman of yours, from Denmark."

"My countryman!" said Naomi, repeating the words, when she had more closely examined the man, who got up to throw his linen bag over his shoulder.

Naomi spoke to him in Danish. The monk flushed in the face.

"You are from Denmark?" she inquired.

"Oh God! you speak Danish," he exclaimed, and his eyes sparkled.—"It is long since I heard those accents. I can, on account of my vows, have no communication with my countrymen, and therefore I never meet with them. Oh God! you are from the dear, to me-so-dear Denmark!"

"You were born there, then?" inquired Naomi.

"Born and bred," replied the monk.—"Many happy days have I lived there. But I suffered much before I came to Rome and put on this hood."

"Visit me also, when you make a collection for your convent," said Naomi.—"I dwell in the Piazza di Spagna." She added the name of her foster-father.

"You are his daughter," said the monk.—"Do you not know me? I dwelt in Svendborg,—had a wife there, and a son. Ah! I have borne much ill fortune, and here must have died of hunger if the convent had not received me as a mendicant brother!"

It was Christian's father. Naomi named him.

When the sun was setting, and the bells pealed for the Ave Maria, Naomi stood ready for the excursion, in her becoming man's attire, with moustaches on her curved lips. "The carnival was come," she said. It therefore then was nothing unusual at Rome in

appearing in this disguise." The Count shook his head a little at it. But now the servant announced the young Marquis, and in half-an-hour they were all three on the road to the hotel, where the artists assemble.

This hotel lay right under one of the small churches in Rome. In the day-time the light from the ante-room only entered by the double door; the floor was flagged with the usual tiles; the whole breath of one side of the apartment was occupied by a chimney, where a row of fires blazed on different viands, which a man, his wife, and two sons, were cooking, with continued laughter and chattering. On the rough table lay, in picturesque groups, and adorned with green leaves, all sorts of fish and meat, to choose from. At the long wooden table sat *contadini*, and their wives and daughters, with great straw-bound flasks before them. A number of red glass lamps were burning about the rather dingy picture of the Madonna let into the wall; and an ass with its full load, that was certainly waiting for his master, had a place in the room. The peasants improvised, and the women sung in chorus. Near the chimney hearth, where the Signora of the hotel was standing, hung in a basket on the wall an infant, playing with its little arms, and looking down on the motley and and jovial party.

The Count, the Marquis, and Naomi, passed through this room, and mounted some high stone steps that led into a larger chamber, that had once been the refectory of the convent, but the cloister was dismonastried, and only the church standing. Here the floor—a singularity in the south—was covered with wood. The vaulted arches were numerous, and on the



wall hung some withered wreaths, and in the midst, woven in oak leaves, an O and T. These letters were the initials of the names of Overbeck and Thorwaldsen; both of whom had given a *pontemolle*, and in remembrance of these great men, still hung there the wreaths of their names.

As in the first room, here also stood long tables, but the table cloths were a little the worse for use. Tin-lamps, with six burners in each, blazed a short distance one from the other. A strong effluvia of tobacco clouded the ceiling. Along this table were seated, on wooden benches, artists young and old, most of them Germans, the real founders of this *Kueipe*-life. All wore beards or moustaches, and long hair. Some were in their shirt-sleeves, others in blouses, and among them was perceived the old renowned Reinhardt, with his leathern buff-jerkin, and red woollen cap. He had his dog fastened to his chair, and the animal was barking loudly at another dog. Overbeck was also one of the party, with his bare neck and long locks, that fell down on his white collars; he was dressed *à la Raphael*,—not as a costume for the occasion, but his accustomed wear. In his genius, he approached Perugino and Raphael. His debility was typified by his loose attire. The old Tirolese painter, Joseph Coch, with a jovial mien, gave the Marquis his hand at entering.

They took their places at the board, and now the festively-attired officials of the *pontemolle*. posted themselves before the table, by the side of the general, whose uniform was covered with crosses and stars of paper. On his right, the Headsman with bare arms, the tiger's-skin over his shoulder, and the fasces and axe in his hand,—to the left, the Minstrel, with a high

cap and guitar. The singer struck some notes on his instrument, that were replied to from without. It made a sort of duet. There stood an artist before the door who came to represent the Tiber. *An harmonious* "Come in!" was shouted,—and thereupon the traveller entered. He wore a knapsack on his back, his face was painted white, his long hair and beard were of flax, his nails elongated by paste. He was led to the table, with a song suited to the occasion,—a glass of wine was handed to him, and he read the laws; the most important of which were, that the initiated must obey and serve his general, and him alone; not be greedy after his neighbour's wine, &c. Then he mounted on a bench, then on the table; his false hair and nails were here cut off, and his travelling accoutrements laid aside. Now standing in his common dress, he dismounted; and that was *pontemolle*. During these rites, flags, with flasks painted on them, eagles and emblems of art, were set up. One blew the trumpet, another beat cymbals to it, that were two pewter plates; the dogs yelled, and the Tirolese *jodled* in concert. The orgies next began. Every one bound his napkin about his head, and a monkish procession, to a song, was made round the benches and the tables. Artists renowned and ephemeral, all joined in it;—all sought to show their talents. A comic song, to characterize cooper-music, (hooping a cask,) the tune being marked by thumping the table, was set up. In the midst of this jollification, four *gendarmes*, with fixed bayonets, rushed into the room, who seized the most distinguished of the artists by their collars to arrest them. Then arose a general *charivari* of screams and opposition,—till a *gendarme* burst out into a loud laugh, and the whole

was declared to be a concerted joke of the invaders. That was the contribution which some strangers gave to the evening's festivities. Now four steaming punch-bowls were brought in,—that was a treat from the unknown artists to the company. Then they joined in the old song : “ Long life to the unknown giver.”\*

A poor Italian, by chance, was passing by, and asked permission to show his talent, or rather to be heard, which was assented to *nem con*. He imitated all animals,—which, however, the dogs took amiss,—as well as represented thunder and lightning with his eyes and mouth ; the latter accomplishment was wonderfully approved of. But the man had also his weak side. He wished to be heard sing,—and he might perhaps have made a good singer if he had been taught in his youth, but his performance was execrable. He sung duets,—as well the parts of the lover as of his mistress, distorted his eyes in all directions, and made the most ludicrous gestures to correspond. But the public interrupted him almost immediately, and called for his animal accomplishments and storms,—which he classed lower than his singing, but which he best understood. There was something pitiable in the whole appearance of this poor degraded creature, and Naomi, as he carried round a plate, was reminded of Christian. Long had he been forgotten ; the beggar in whom she discovered some connecting link, called him back to her remembrance.

“ Have we not met in Vienna ? ” inquired a young man with a stiff beard, as he slightly bowed to Naomi

\* A celebrated German song beginning : “ Der unbekannte Geber soll leben.”

"We certainly made an excursion in the same vehicle to Hitzing."

Naomi blushed fiery red. She looked hard at the questioner, and recognized, by his conceited impudent look, the same man who had been with her in the omnibus, when she was in search of Ladislaw at the casino; the man who had on that occasion said to her, "that he heard from her accent, that she was no native,—that he had seen her in the Prater, and that she would find her master at Hitzing." All stood before her in its most vivid colouring.

"Is the rider Ladislaw also here in Rome?" he inquired in a most impertinent tone. The Count was uneasy.

"What says the gentleman?" inquired the Marquis.

"Such artists as these are not used to assemble here," continued the German, as he whispered something in his neighbour's ear.

Naomi was seized with an oppressive agony, such as she had never experienced before. What if this man should relate aloud that she was a woman, who had formerly lived in the lowest way. The German drank toast after toast,—his cheeks glowed, and his impertinent looks were certainly directed at Naomi. Now a general song was struck up, and another march made round the table, during which the German came up to her, and whispered, "You are a woman!"

"Do you mean to insult me?" asked Naomi.

"Take it as you please!" answered the artist, as he passed on.

The Marquis heard nothing of all this; he did not understand German, and was, besides, too deeply en-

gaged in the enjoyment of the moment. The Count also seemed to have forgotten what had occurred, and he took part in the general merriment. They again resumed their seats, when his look fell on the artist, who was leaning over the table, with smiles of mockery, whispering something in her ear. She turned pale, her hand clutched the knife that she held, convulsively, and her arm was lifted.

Then there arose a *hollabalu*. One of the oldest artists, as a buffoon, came riding into the room on a donkey; and the animal, unused to such company, and frightened at the noise and riot, backed against the table, so that glasses, flasks, and lamps, were upset by the shock, and thus neither the German, nor any one of the party, remarked the rage painted on Naomi's countenance; and who by the Count's precaution, during the general and fortunate disturbance, was carried off. The merriment was then of so stunning a character, that the Marquis was not aware that his comrades had retired, till his coachman privately informed him of the circumstance.

The moon outside shone bright: the dark autumnal days in the North are scarcely to be compared with the moon-shine nights in Rome.

"I was afraid that it would be so!" was all that the Count said. Naomi clung fast to him, and burst into tears.

"Stop, stop!" called out the Marquis.—"Now the fun is just beginning."

"Our young hero found it too hot there,—too oppressive; he would have soon fainted!" replied the Count.

"Oh! it is now over," Naomi assured him. "But

I had rather not go back. I have amused myself well this evening, and thank you for it, Marquis! It is, I believe," she added in a low tone, "the gayest evening I have spent in Rome."

An hour after midnight the Count had gone to rest, and slept soundly after the events of this day. In Naomi's chamber the night-lamp was out,—all was still; but she had not yet gone to bed. Almost undressed, she had thrown round her her silken mantle, and opened a glass-door that led into the balcony. She leant her head over the balustrade, and stood there for some time lost in thought. The meeting with her foster-father in Vienna, had not given her so great a shock as the contemptuous glances of that stranger, and his bantering about the time that she wished buried in eternal oblivion. In Vienna she had given up all pretensions to the world; but she had now stepped into new relations with it, and found herself in a brilliant circle.

Who can draw a perfect picture of such a night as that during which Naomi was sunk in stern contemplation?—It is a light that neither resembles that of day nor of a northern moon-shine. If we should compare the light of day with the bright flame of a lamp, and a bright night of the North with the glimmer of a light that we do not see, we should find between the two an expression for the bright nights of the South in the light that the astral-lamps with their feeble shine afford. But the eye alone is charmed, the soul remains cold, because we do not inhale the air of the South. The loveliest summer evening of the South, on the shores of the sea, or on an open hill, breathes a mild and enlivening air; but if thou sawest thyself set

down in the South, thou wouldst find a mighty difference; that is as great as the contrast between a material and purely spiritual enjoyment. The blue frosty heaven of the North raises itself like a high vaulted roof over our heads. In the South the distant horizon appears to be a transpicuous glass, behind which the expanse of heaven is enlarged. \*

Naomi imbibed the pure air, and yet she breathed heavily and deeply. This moonlight rested on the city of memories,—the Rome of the Cæsar and the monk; but she was engaged in other contemplations. Right under the *Piazza di Spagna*, there is a fountain,—the great basin is hewn out into the form of a ship, whose sides are half sunken; and there where the mast should be, the broad stream of water rises. Even on the noisiest days, the splashing of the falling column is heard: now in the stillness of night it was still more perceptible. The moon played on the fountain. Under the image of the Madonna, at the corner of the Propaganda, a whole family was asleep on the cold stones. Naomi opened another side-window of her chamber. The Spanish steps, that are of a colossal width, and almost as high as the hotel, lay before her; and the eye perceived, here and there, sleepers on them, who were enveloped in their cloaks. The thick avenue above the steps looked double against the clear light. The white walls of the convent lifted themselves ghostily. Without a thought of what she saw, Naomi looked out on it. Now the bells of the convent-church pealed,—some sisters were engaged in the tower in their nightly occupation, whilst others prayed at the altar. The sound of the bells awaked Naomi from her dreams; she thought of her fellow sufferers, for suffer indeed

they must. She thought she saw white garments through the openings of the tower, where swung the bells; and she thought of the captive maidens, who only at night were permitted to cast a look from the lofty turret on the there dead-lying Rome, whose roofs looked like the waving sea; whilst the many cupolas might be mistaken for boats sailing on it. The figure of the angel on the top of the tower of St. Angelo, was for her no consoling cherub, who beckoned to her over this petrified ocean. He stood there making signs to her:—"All love is dead to you!" "There are many who endure a harder fate than I," said Naomi, in a low voice.—"Were I one of these I should feel far more unfortunate! Our contentment rests on our own free-will, and our views of life. I know what I have to do." Now she tarried a moment, lost in thought, and looked out at the cloister and the dark avenue that appeared like the entrance to this house of death; and yet by day the ever-crowded Rome is a gay Boulevard!

Right before the avenue at the landing-place of the stairs, stood a young man, leaning his head on his hand, and gazing over the city. Was it not the artist, who was lost in the spectacle of the beautiful picture, that if it might not be represented in colours, could not fade away from his memory, wherever fortune might lead him? How many are there who would have envied him that sight? But no! he saw nothing! The wine, which in full measure he had drunk that evening, at the hotel, had changed him into a nodding imp, of whom many others hung, with a hundred-pound-weight, to his feet.

The heaviest, however, pressed on his head, and on that account, he feared to topple down the steep steps;



yes, as he looked down on it, it came before him like the Fall of Tivoli. All this, the imps of wine produce. He leaned against the landing-place, and slept, as so many artists before him have done, and after him will do.

Naomi remarked him. He wore the identical cap, and therefore she recognized him as the German in the hotel, and at the table. Only twice had she seen this man,—on the road to Hitzing, and here at the hotel, and yet she hated him almost as much as she hated Ladislaw!

“If I had only an arrow,” she thought, “that would be a good weapon. The ball, by the report of the piece, tells the deed; but the dart flies swiftly through the air, and noiselessly transpierces the heart of a hated foe. No one would here perceive its flight. No one discover the hand that sent it. I devote this man to death, and what then would I wish Ladislaw?”

“Our thoughts are the blossoms, our acts, however, the fruit,” says Bettina. We are of the same opinion; but we remark that not all blossoms bear fruit,—most of them fall off before their time. The rank blossoms that unfolded themselves this night in Naomi’s soul, we shall learn to know in their development, when sun’s have longer shone on them, and the *area cattiva*, and the sirocco of the passions have visited her. But for that, at least, whole days, often months, and years, are required.

## CHAPTER VIII.

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"Wer nie sein brot mit Thränen ass,  
 Wer nie die kummervollen Nächte  
 Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,  
 Der kennt euch nicht ihr himmelischen Mächte."  
 GOETHE.

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THAT evening was the first and last that Naomi assembled with the artists in the hotel. Her opinion of the jovialities there, was, that they presented the German student's life in a new form. Far more attractive she found the Roman art in the German version, as she called the representations which were given in the palace of the Austrian ambassador, and at which she was present. These representations had an influence on her future destiny, and therefore we will linger awhile there, and select the first of them, that was given during the season. She had visited all the celebrated pictures that are found in the churches, concerts, and galleries. She remained, whole hours together, before Raphael's sybils, in the church of the *Santa Maria della pace*. They seemed to her perfect *chef-d'œuvres*; but when she saw the sybils of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel, she was so enchanted with them, that she forgot the first.

Even as a child she had taken pleasure in beautiful pictures; but the art of the statuary was a mystery to her, as to most Danes, for at that time, in our country, there was no opportunity to acquire a taste for sweet works. Wiedwelt was a John in the wilderness.

In Vienna, Lucca, and Bologna, Naomi had seen splendid statues, but did not understand how to estimate them: she could not discover the beautiful in these specimens of art. It was first, in Florence, that the film was removed from her eyes, as she stood in the great saloon that is filled with the Niobe groupe. In the midst of the gallery are seen Apollo and Diana, who shoot deadly darts. Round about, along the walls, are lying, and sinking in the agonies of death, the children of Niobe, struck by the arrows. To the right, in the farthest possible distance, stands the despairing mother, extending out her robe over the last and most beautiful of her daughters. We perceive by the hand of the child, that the dart is coming; and by the direction of the hand, that it must strike her. Thus the spectator makes one of the group, and is alike transformed with horror and wonder. It was this group that lent to Naomi's eyes their spiritual *seecraft*. Whole hours she had lingered there; their marvellous grandeur had far more moved her than the sight of the Venus de Medici. And when she later examined the treasures in the Vatican, she had risen to such a high degree of taste, that she prized the works of the statuary more than those of the painter. It was part of her character to prefer the Saint Jerome of Dominichino to the Transfiguration of Raphael; and thus the saint of the one, produced more effect on her than the lovely Pysche of the other.

At the Austrian Ambassador's was got up a series of *tableaux parlants*, reminding us of what Fétis gave to the Parisians, and called a *concert historique*. Among these pictures was one on a grand scale, copied from the gallery of the *Palazzo Rospigliosi*. It was Doni-nichino's David, who returns in triumph with the head of Goliath. A page carries the bloody head, and the daughters of the land come forth with cymbals and harps.

When the curtain was again drawn aside, Naomi stood alone in a white dress, holding in her hand a large veil, to fold it about her, and shewed herself a second Pythia. Handel shewed how perfectly he had comprehended the statuary's master-piece. What a high degree of personal beauty and *spirit-craft* he displayed in this living image.

She seized the tambourine, the veil floated round her, and every one recognized and wondered at Terpsichore, as she stands in the train of the Muses at the Vatican.

Now she extended wide the veil. Agony and the horror of death were depicted in her countenance. That was Niobe,—but somewhat younger than the artist had dared to represent her.

Then she knelt,—the veil fell down over her back; her feet were covered, and her breast rested on her beautiful arms. Every feature was fixed and staring. It was the Egyptian sphinx,—not as the marble gives it, but the living sphinx herself,—doubly horrifying by her stern look.

Every new plastic-representation excited a fresh burst of applause,—a transport that sprung from the natural effort to give vent to the feelings. Even the

Count himself was astonished at Naomi's talent, which she had learned to develope in private. The Marquis loved her, and betrayed his love. His eyes lightened, but his admiration was dumb. Now she stood up again,—raised her arms aloft, and leant her head down. That was the *Caryatide*. The heavy burthen lay distinctly on her beautiful shoulders.

After this she was the Galatea, before Pygmaeleons' kiss animated her. The transition was extraordinarily deceptive. The eye without *seecraft* had life in it. The first movement became visible. The smile on her lip was enchanting!

At last the curtain fell.

Ah! that was an evening of delight and rapture. Like to the mild breathing of the South, its incense encircled the joyous Naomi.

But in Denmark, meanwhile, the cold north-wind blew over the snow, and beat against Christian's window, whilst his mother, in the little chamber, sickened with cares and sorrows. We all know cares and sorrows! But knowest thou the affliction of Poverty? Didst thou ever see the dry feverish hand stretched forth, that tries to hide its emptiness?—the hungry lip, that smiles because it cannot beg.

"I have good friends," thought Christian, "and friends help in need."

Aye, true! in the spring, when the earth is wet and damp, the brook is rich in water; but in summer, when the ground needs moisture, then is the brook dried up, and thou findest therein but hard burning stones.

In the house of the Lackey sat on the steps a poor youth, on whose countenance, as well as his attire, the

bitterest penury was depicted. Near him stood a platter with broken victuals; he arranged the mess in the plate, in order to be able to carry it more conveniently. A sleek lap-dog, with a painted collar, washed and combed, hopped up the steps, stood still, and scented at the platter. The young man turned round, and said, in the bitterest mood: "*That* is no repast for thee, thou pampered dog! Thou art used to better food:—this is a beggar's mess." And he took the plate, concealed it as well as he could under his coat, that he had pulled off, and bore it to the garret to his sick mother.

"My son! I shall die," said the mother; "but death is capricious; he comes the least to those who invoke him. And yet is not the world so beautiful? Yes, life is a glorious gift of God, and only those can treat it as a source of all sorrow and every misery, who contemplate it in their gloomy moments, at the sight of the trodden worm, and the nipped flower. How little minded is such a view of things. A worm is crushed—a flower plucked off its stalk—and in all nature the sun shines on millions of the happy; the bird thrills its song,—the blossoms shed their perfumes."

We will not dwell longer on this picture of wretchedness, we will hasten away far into time. We will make a bold stride in Christian's and Naomi's lives; not in order to leap over some points in them, but to make the story more complete, and to observe it from a better and more commanding spot.

Hearst thou, gentle reader, the rattling of the whirling wheels, that bring round the circling year?

Twelve long years had slipped away since Christian sat in his garret beside his dying mother;—twelve

years have flown on wings of joy, since Naomi appeared as Terpsichore, Niobe, Sphinx, a Cariatide, and Galatea. We find ourselves in Paris. The tri-coloured flag waves on the column in the Place Vendome; from the shops hang already caricatures of the citizen-king, the wise world-experienced Louis-Philippe.

We have reached 1833.

## CHAPTER IX.

Paris mit seinen Pariseru ist der Schonste Aufenhalt hienieder.  
Paris ist der einzige Ort in der Welt, wo es erlaubt ist, nach  
seiner Neigung zu leben.—CAVALIER PERSPECTIVE.

Alle fare vild, og Alle drukne  
I Lidenskabes Hav, og alle sees  
Af endelig Forblindelse bestukne,  
Snart af et daarlight Haab, snart af en falsk Ideea.\*

H. HERTZ.

Elle saigna tout ce sang du cœur qu'on appelle des larmes.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

WE are in Paris! Come, knowest thou the beautiful  
Tivoli? not the picturesque Tivoli of the Campagna,  
—no! the garden of the Paris suburb, to which the  
placards, those dumb syrens, invite thee.

Musard's orchestra is playing gallopades from *Gustave*, and *La Tentation*, waltzes from Strauss, and  
quadrilles from *Le Philtre*, *Robert*, and *Pré aux Clercs*.

\* All deceive themselves! Soon is shattered the boat by the  
wild waves. All here are struck with the prevailing blindness  
of the times. Now blind with vain hopes,—now with imaginary  
notions!



We have two theatres here for our money. In the one, are shown, on a small scale, physical experiments; in the greater theatre is acted an entire *vaudeville*. Sledges fly down the *Montagne Russe*,—many thousand lamps are burning between the green leaves, and at the cry "*Feu d'artifice*," thou followest the stream to the dark avenue, where tri-coloured rockets soon change night into day.

Thither, in the noisy whirlpool we will mix.

The variegated lamps threw the false splendour of their rainbow-hues through the green boughs; the band was playing in the distance the song of the dæmons, in "*La Tentation*," and the Daughters of Dust whirled in the giddy dance with the Sons of Blood.

The spectacle, when one steps into the thicket, and from thence beholds the illumination, the whirling figures, and the sledges that roll from the tops of the trees down to the slippery paths, is indeed unique of its kind, a nocturnal sabbath on the Brocken.

Might the man near the dark spot where the fireworks were let off be indulging in such thoughts? He has even now bound the last rocket to the stick. He sits on the grass, and his bony, dry hands tremble; his countenance is hollow, the blue rings under his coal-black eyes, his wrinkled features, clearly betray that the soul here haunts, like a bat, the ruins of his body. He, from whom our look would now willingly turn away, had once brought to shame the daughter of beauty,—those emaciate limbs were once the model of a hero,—this malicious expression in his eye flashed once with pride. He who had once drawn down applause and rapture from an assembled crowd, lay now sick—despised—forgotten! The fixing of the

rockets to the whirling wheel was his important office, —his, the Paria's son, Ladislaw! If the fruition of life to excess has overstrained thy nerves, their clang is a loud and dissonant music; it was its tones that sung him a song, that must run through a coming generation. ●

“My thoughts fly not wide into the world,—they turn back to the worn out and agonized body, which feels that the damp cloud hangs on its wings and has bound its owner fast in a heavy drunken slumber. He feels that the refreshing breeze is to him an ice-cold wind; his shattered nerves shake, his bones clatter, his head is in a vertigo, and it seems to him that this wind whistles in his brain as in an empty snail-shell. He feels a desire to sleep, and sleep trifles with his torpid body: the enlivening rays of the sun dry him up. If a thought once happens to wander forth, it is like a sick man hobbling along. The meadows may smile the sun warm,—he hangs still upon his crutches!”

How splendid was that joyous evening in Tivoli! The rich gave their *louis d'or*, the poor their *sous*, the young a rose-leaf from their bloom, making the black raven croak among the solitary bushes.

Thou! that hast visited all the capitals of Europe, and sought in Paris the centre of every enjoyment, must often have hit upon Naomi. In the public arenas, that were the types of the Spanish bull-fights, where the crowd is as great, and the assemblage of well-dressed women not less numerous, thou must often have remarked her as one of the most animated of the spectators. At Bicêtre thou hast surely, when the criminals, chained together, were transported to the galleys, among the splendid equipages lining the way,

that the upper classes may enjoy the shocking spectacle, may have recognized the carriage of the Marquis. And in the solitary night, when only the red lanthorns with the inscription, "*Ici on loge à la nuit*," and the day-shunning chiffonier hunts for rags under the sweepings of the streets,—mayst have seen Naqni take her place at the green table, where the dice rattle and the gold clink, and passions breathe through the looks!

On the outside of Paris, Louis Philippe had built forts for the defence of the city; but the Parisians thought that these fortifications were intended to protect himself. The opposite party of the citizen-king began to lift their voices. The July-days approached,—the most insolent caricatures and lampoons of all sorts were hung up in the shops, in contempt of the festival, but the prudent Ruler remained quiet, and allowed the fiery spirits vent.

It was expected that the Egyptian obelisk would be set up in the *Place de la Concorde*, but it had not yet arrived, and a wooden model was erected in its stead. All preparations were completing in order to render the three days as magnificent as possible. The acme, however, of the solemnity, was to be the unveiling of the statue of Napoleon, in the *Place Vendôme*. The scaffolding was up, and the artificers in full activity. In the night the statue was uncovered, all save a blue veil studded with silver bees, to be removed at the moment of the inauguration.

Naomi made one of the crowd who anticipated that on the approaching three days a political storm would burst forth, and she longed for it. During the Revolution,—when, not the phantom of liberty, but the goddess herself led the French people,—she had felt

unmoved, and had fired from her window her pistol on the royal guards. Her soul required excitement from without to calm its internal agitation.

The three days approached.

At sun-rise the cannon, as an overture to the *fêtes*, thundered forth from the *Hôtel de Ville* and that of the *Invalides*. The tri-coloured flags waved from the *Pont Neuf* and all the church towers and spires. The *Hôtel de Ville*, and the *Pont d'Arcole*, were adorned with trophies of garlands.

Naomi listened to the report of the artillery, suffering as she had done that night in the Prater,—that night in Rome,—and alas! as she had suffered so many nights in the noisily gay Paris. Great sums raised on her pin-money had been spent.

Ladislaw was here!

On the place where once stood the Bastille, at the *Fontaine des Innocens*, and before the Louvre, a catafalque was raised, hung with silk and flags, on which were worked amaranth flowers and celebrated names. A dead march was played, and at the stroke of the quarter a discharge of cannon was fired. An unwonted stillness reigned in the late so boisterous multitude. The carriages drove on at a foot-pace, as to a funeral procession, and nosegays were thrown on the graves.

Naomi was in an open *calèche*; the passengers pressed about the wheels; meanwhile one held fast to the carriage. She felt that somebody touched her hand,—a note was thrust into it. She saw no face familiar to her in the crowd.

In the evening, when the long black handkerchiefs floated over the houses, where the relatives and friends of the fallen heroes of freedom dwelt, and blue flames

burnt over their graves, Naomi read the letter. It was from Ladislaw! He had presented himself at her hotel, but had been refused admittance. He demanded instantly an audience, and reminded her maliciously of happily past hours.

"How many are there who could this last year have been murdered?" inquired Naomi of her *femme de chambre*.

"Three and twenty were, I think, assassinated and thrown into the Seine. That is horrible!" answered the girl.

"The Parisians have southern blood!" observed Naomi. "Is all quiet?"

"All," said the woman; "but I am afraid of the *fêtes*."

"And I too," answered Naomi, thoughtfully, and her contemplations were of Ladislaw.

In "the thousand and one nights," a palm tree is described, in whose top a rich treasure is hidden, that is to be sought for. Any one can mount the summit, it is said, in the tale; the broad leaves bend themselves courteously on the top, but if thou lookest back, and art inclined to descend, then every leaf changes itself into a sharp, strong knife, that transpierces your limbs, if thou art not pure and innocent! This picture flitted before Naomi's eyes.

"Every the least sin was to me a green, sweet leaf, that flutteringly invited my touch," she sighed. "Now that I look back, they are so many executioner's swords! Oh, I am as sick as the old Countess, in Denmark,—a *malade imaginaire*,—the worst of all *maladies*! The second day of the *fête* was come. The two-mile-and-a-half Boulevard was the parade of the National Guard.

Along the green avenues stood rows of well-dressed persons, and all the balconies and windows of the houses on both sides, like the Boulevards themselves, were filled with people. Fool-hardy boys hung upon the boughs of the trees, whilst others balanced themselves on the stone cornices of the fountains. Every where the throng was as great as in the most fashionable passages. Louis Phillipe, encircled by his sons and generals, shewed himself, stretched out his hand, and courteously saluted his citizens. A *Vive le Roi* was shouted, and, between while, *à bas les forts*. The blue veil with the silver bees yet lay over the statue of Napoleon, in the *Place Vendôme*. Windows and roofs were thronged. The King, his staff, and his ministers, stood with bare heads before the column; the signal was given, and the veil fell. "*Vive la mémoire de Napoleon*," was the general shout of wonder.

*On roulent les canons, on les légions passent,  
Le peuple est une mer aussi.\**

Naomi's eyes were turned down on the billowy sea of heads, and under her window, between the barrels, which the proprietors let as first-rate places, stood the emaciate sick Ladislav! He lifted a look upon her, and smiled devilishly, like the fiend of the ballet; he stretched out his left hand, and made an attitude of writing with the fore-finger of his right. Naomi stepped back. "The review will take up some hours, and the best part of the *fête* is over," said she, as she took the arm of her husband. They left the house, but they could only get out at the back door, and

\* Victor Hugo.

therefore chose<sup>c</sup> this way of exit. At the threshold, an old woman was posted: she reached the Marquis a note, and he hid it. Naomi remarked all that passed.

In the evening of that day there was a concert given in the garden of the Tuilleries, consisting of five-hundred hautbois and three-hundred drums. On the Seine was represented a sea-fight, with illuminated ships. The domes and towers were brilliant with flaming *contours*, and infinitely splendid fireworks were displayed.

"Crashing as are these tones, flickering like these flames, is human-life," thought Naomi to herself. "Why should I torment myself? My husband is a greater sinner than I. He shall render me an account of this note: he shall at least for a moment have a part in my torments!"

Without, all was loud acclamation of delight, and blinding brilliance. Naomi stood in her chamber, and looked, over the Seine, at the dome of the *Invalides*, that shone like St. Peter's, at Rome, on Easter eve. She sighed deeply.

"I will not shew you the note: it might disturb your repose!" he had said, when she questioned him on its contents.

"He was confused!" she said aloud to herself. "The Marquis dared not read to me the beautiful handwriting of the *blonde*. All men are like him: I will therefore act once for all like other women."

The *femme de chambre* brought her fashionable ball-dress; on the following evening there was to be a great banquet and ball, in the *Hôtel de Ville*, in which all sorts and conditions of men and women, from the fisherman, to the queen of the land, were received.

"I will look handsome to-morrow!" said Naomi. "Employ all your art, and bring me all my diamonds and pearls!"—"The blonde will be present at this *fête*," she thought, retiring, love-worthy and innocent as a heroine of romance!

It was the third and last day of the *fêtes*. Naomi and the Marquis drove to the *Champs Elysées*, that in their full extent up to the *Arc de Triomphe de L'Etoile* were filled with crowds.

Free entrance was given on these three days at all the theatres in Paris, and in the Elysian Fields there were music, games, and conjuring of all sorts, gratis. In the open air two troops of equestrians gave representations by turns in their circuses. It was many years since Naomi had attended one of these scenes,—she was not desirous of seeing one, but the Marquis wished it, and spoke so highly of a young sixteen-year old lady rider, that at last she consented to accompany him. She felt oppressed. She smiled, and made significant allusions to the confidential note of the day before. "Married people should have no secrets with one another," she said, "not even when the smallest piccadillos are concerned!"

The Marquis stared at her. She smiled, and thought she remarked in him embarrassment, and that her eloquence had hit upon the desired theme. In all directions reigned boisterous merriment. In vain did the poor wights climb up the smooth and oily pole, the *mât de cocagne*, to reach the enticing prize.

A tournament given on the Seine next attracted the crowd. Here boats manœuvred one against the other, on whose decks seamen in blue and red, with long lances, stood in order to drive their opponents over



board. He who fell into the water was exposed to triumphant laughter, amid shouts for the victor, who obliged him to swim on shore.

Naomi's looks were directed anxiously among the multitude: she took no pleasure in these games. The Marquis, on the contrary, seemed much interested in them; his eyes followed every turn that the boats took.

"So unconcerned is a heart full of sin!" thought Naomi, as she gazed on all sides; but her eye could no where discover the fair or black locks which she sought.

At dinner Naomi, smiling, drank to the health of all *blondes*. And now she began her toilette. Bird-of-paradise-plumes waved in her splendid turban,—diamonds glittered on her beautiful bosom:—she looked at herself in the Psyche mirror with satisfaction.

Some one knocked. The *femme de chambre* received a note for her honour,—it was from the Marquis. The note contained only two lines, Naomi's own words,—  
"Married people should have no secrets with one another, even where the smallest piccadillos are concerned!" In the envelope lay a note, the same that the Marquis had hidden; it was from Ladislaw. All was set down in this epistle, from the first kiss to the stroke of the whip. He maliciously closed the communication with,—  
"I have done all this from revenge. She turned me away when I begged at her door;—she is happy,—I am in misery. I swear by the holy sacrament every word I have uttered is the truth!"

Naomi turned pale. "Now the breach is made," she thought.

"The carriage is ready,—the Marquis waits!" was announced. She was ready to sink into the earth.

Her satin rustled ; her diamonds sparkled ; the Marquis handed her in. Two gentlemen, friends of the house, formed the party. The conversation turned on common subjects, and the Marquis was much at his ease.

The streets echoed with the shouts of joy. All the towers and cupolas were illuminated. The carriage drew up before the *Hôtel de Ville*, and they got out. The staircase was covered with carpets, and lined with exotics ; and the two ball-rooms on the first story were connected together by means of a hanging-garden that extended over the court. Variegated lamps hung among the orange trees, and encircled a fountain of *eau de Cologne*. In the great saloon where the royal throne was raised, amphitheatrical terrasses rose, provided with divans. Here sat magnificently dressed ladies, the wives of citizens, and the peers of France. The music from the orchestra struck up. The floor itself was crowded to suffocation. Naomi could scarcely be classed among the young ladies ; but she possessed a maturity of beauty that, heightened by her tasteful dress, made her the wonder and adoration of young and old ; and she smiled in her blending charms like a fluttering butterfly transfixed by a needle.

The wide double doors were thrown open, and the King, the Queen, and their children, entered. In the thick crowd it was scarcely possible to reach the throne. The orchestra played a gallopade from the Opera of Gustavus, the very same to which the Swedish King was shot. The choosing of this tune was certainly accidental ; but the impression that it made might be remarked on the countenance of the Queen from her looks. Her convulsed features gave utterance to the

intense anxiety which she felt for the lives of her husband and their children. Many of the guests who stood near her, clearly perceived also what she, with her suite of diamonds and waving bird-of-paradise plumes, suffered.

At two in the morning, the supper was announced. The Marquis and Naomi drove home. The tumult still lasted in the streets, and the illumination was not yet over.

"Thou hast sent me a letter," said Naomi. "Every word in it is true! What wilt thou do?"

"Thou shalt, as often as thou art inclined to disturb me in my pleasures, which every married man in Paris enjoys, read over the letter. When I am kissing the fair locks of my blonde,—then think of thy letter! As to the rest, I will take care that no scandal comes of it. Next summer we visit the north. I will see the green beech-woods, which thou and thy compatriots have so often vaunted to me. That will prove a very interesting journey for us both, I think. But take the letter,—aye, take it with thee! It may be necessary that thou hast it by thee."

## CHAPTER XII

O, dies Lebe ist eine ewige Entsatzung ! Und wofür ? Nicht vielleicht für eine Taurischung ? Eine Dorennkrone für einem Glauben, der vielleicht falsch berechnet ist ? Wagn nun alles, was Ihr dachtet. Ihr blassen männer, die grausame Laune eines Tyrannen ware. O vergebt mir diesen grausamen Zweifel !

## GUTSKOW OFFENTLICHE CHARAKTERE

Slorken sidder paa Bonden's Tag ;  
 Han seer over Mark og Enge.  
 Det bliver saa deiglen Foraarsdag ;  
 Nu kommer den sære Tid, jeg ventet' saa lange \*  
 INGMANN.

In Denmark, the old Countess was still in her antique boudoir encircled by phials, and was as near dying as she had been twelve years before.

"She is tough !" said her people : "she can digest the apothecary's shop !"

\* The stork sits upon the peasant's house-top,  
 And looks down thence over field and mead,  
 It will be a right glorious spring-day ;  
 The beautiful season, it comes that I so dearly prize

The village-church had got a new tower, and the school-house had been built-up anew; the white curtains, behind the windows, gave it a look of neatness. Two little boys were playing before the door; the green bough, which they had stuck up in the ground, was to them a blooming garden. Before the door sat a woman, that might be something more than thirty; her knitting-thread lay in her lap. She smiled kindly at the boys, as often as they put a question to her, and often raised her hand to make them silent, as their father read aloud some paragraph out of a newspaper. That was Lucy, and her husband.

"Is not to-morrow Sunday again?" inquired the youngest boy, who by his lively brown eyes, and his lovely countenance, made more apparent the want of beauty in the elder-brother.

"To-morrow is Sunday," he replied: "then comes the fiddler, with cakes and pictures. Last Sunday he was not here."

"Yes, my son!" said the father, as he laid down the paper, "to-morrow Christian will be here. He would do well to come every Sunday, to hear the preaching, and had better not go to the meeting-house. Mr. Pastor Patermann spoke to me lately about him. The magistrates forbid such congregations assembling. They hold their convective at Peter Hansen's, and Christian reads to them a chapter in the Bible. That is a very improper thing to do. They say that they bring there a puppy in a basket, and kiss it, in order to shew their humility!"

"Those are evil reports," said Lucy. "Where Christian is, no such ridiculous things can take place, that is certain. I have spoken with him, and he has

confessed to me distinctly, that he has found his best instruction in the Bible, and in the company of devout persons. I wish we were all as good christians as he. Among the twelve there was a Judas : but how easily, in a small circle, is found one or the other, who gives occasions to backbiting. It is better to believe too much than too little. He whom the world is against, is in no want of people to trip up his heels. It is well with those who only err in the Bible, and in the word of God."

"What strange adventures has Christian gone through!" answered the husband. "He was a poor boy, whom thy mother's brother placed out in life. That he was somewhat closely pinched in Copenhagen, is a destiny that many share with him; and that he took his mother to live with him, was foolish in both of them. Thy mother's brother related to me how he met with them in want and misery. But that is now over. He brought them back again here, and Christian now plays at all the *Guilds*. One who has learnt anything well, cannot go wrong in the world. He leads the band in all the mansion-houses. His fiddle is put in request at every marriage. He has indeed a very good income now!"

"But he does not so well in the world as we!" said Lucy. "He sought his fortune in it, in order to obtain a name, but he met with no one who would help him. To be a fiddler in the country was not the object of his ambition. I believe, however, that peace has found the way to his heart. When earthly hope failed him, he put his trust in Heaven."

"Yes, verily!" replied the man, "but with over-expectations. He should marry; that would be good for

him. An old bachelor is, and remains ever, a melancholy sight! A good wife like thee, Lucy, would make quite a different being of him, for right happy he does not feel himself; at least, now and then he is in a disposition of mind, that nothing the world can give cheers him. Formerly I did not like him, because I thought he loved thee. Peter Weick had been well pleased to have seen you a married couple!"

"Christian's thoughts were in that point very far removed from me," answered Lucy. "As a boy, he had loved the little Naomi; and when she was grown up, his whole heart was devoted to her. But they in no way suited one another. I related to him what the report was, and which is pretty certain, that she eloped out of the land with one of the riders. This news made such a wonderful impression on him, that I have never named her since before him; and he, from that time to this, has never spoken to me about her. But now people say, that she is a very fashionable lady in France. I myself heard it at the Hall. I heard, moreover, that she is coming next summer here on a visit; so that old report must have been a false one, or the rider might, possibly, have belonged to one of the old families that emigrated during the revolution, and may have again risen to fame and fortune. That may be very possible, and this makes sense and connection out of both reports."

On the next Sunday came Christian, the Fiddler, as he was commonly called, and he kissed and fondled the children,—especially the youngest, that was the handsomest, with the brown eyes. The exterior has great effect. That he was very sensible of. "If I had been handsome," thought he, "matters would have

stood much better with me. Even the noble-minded, and the best, are taken with beauty. Oh! what a god-like gift!—what a source of fortune and satisfaction lies in beauty! To it the world is an Eden of love, with a sweet smile on their lips; all receive its possessors,—all love their approach. The countenance attracts. “That must be an excellent man: the face cannot lie!” we hear constantly said. “Here is talent; a heart throbs in this breast!” Beauty is a better gift on earth than genius!”—and he kissed the loveliest of Lucy’s children, gave him the finest picture, and the largest cake.

“Did thy stork not ask thee to greet us?” said the youngest boy.

“Yes, many greetings has he entrusted to me,” answered Christian. “Now, he is well and strong, and can certainly fly for a wager with his comrades; and yet I am afraid that he will go away with the rest, when they make their journey. Storks and swallows are good creatures; they, on that account, are allowed to go into warm lands, when crows and sparrows freeze. They bring luck and blessing with them, and therefore they live in peace, and every one treats it as a sin to do them injury.” As he thus entertained the boys, his thoughts lingered on the stork; the mystical bird, that was interwoven with his recollections of childhood. The stork on the jew’s house-top; the stork on the meadow, that enticed him out in the world; and now the stork in his own house,—the only living being that he had with him in his solitude. When, in the last autumn, the storks were assembling for their departure, he heard one evening a rustling in his chimney, and found, as he looked to the cause, a



stork that had been forced down, and a leg had been broken in the fall. He bound up the poor creature, and tended it as well as he could; and during the winter it was so tame, that it remained behind with him when the other storks flew away, and took up its night's lodging in the out-house. Lucy's children hung about Christian, and gamboled round him on the meadow, where he made for them caps of reeds. "We must also make the mother one," said he to the joyous children, and he rolled a cap up into a point, and filled it with beautiful wild-flowers. That was a pretty cornucopia; then he carried it to Lucy, and hung it over the glass. Now, they sat down to dinner. The table-cloth was snow-white, and that day something *extra* would appear, said the children. Every second Sunday, when the Fiddler came, the mother had always a dish more *recherché*. "He might, and ought to come every Sunday," they said, "for he had only two miles to walk."

Christian was a child with the children, and listened with patience to the banterings of the schoolmaster, in which there was often somewhat of truth.

"Thou wilt be a rich man!" said he. "Thou must necessarily be heaping up money. It is not good for a man to be alone; therefore take to thyself a wife. Whom hast thou thought of leaving the treasure to, which thou hast amassed in thy chest?—not, I hope, to the Catholics, who wish to bring back Popery into the land." And now the man was in his element, and showed his zeal against his Holiness and the Romish clergy."

"Catholicism has done much good," answered Christian. "The seed has produced its harvest—

brought nourishment and strength. In the dark ages of barbarism, it was Catholicism alone that watched over the arts and sciences. It displayed great thoughts, and disseminated them to the whole human race." He dilated on the rough power of the monks.

"But now they are degenerated," replied the school-master. "The priest is become the enslaver of the spirit, and the enemy to freedom."

"I believe," said Christian, "we must set down Catholicism as a hothouse, that in the winter of the middle ages, brought a rich crop to the garner. In the monasteries, the tender plants of love opened joyfully their leaves to the prisoners; they were there sheltered from the inclement power that raged from without, and developed themselves in safety for the coming summer time. This is now arrived,—talent and freedom bask in the warm sunshine! Every thing grows green and blossoms better than in the Catholic conservatory, where the heat is artificial, and the verdure has a sickly hue. The open air is best. There all springs up healthily, whilst in the hothouse every thing remains in the state it was; few noble trees are to be found, whilst many now grow luxuriantly in the sun."

"Are you again disputing?" said Lucy, playfully.

"He sticks to the Catholics," answered the husband; "there is no arguing with him."

"I wish that all religious sects were covered with the mantle of love," said Christian. "I will, some time or other, bring with me a catholic hymn, that I had from an Italian, who related to me that it was sung at Easter by the peasants of the Appennines.

*There is to be found as true Christianity as in our church psalm-books !”*

The sun was already set, and the children slept, as Christian wended his way back to his two-mile-distant solitary home. It was such a beautiful moonshiny night as the painter chooses for his canvas, the poet for his most inspired song. The lovely splendour of the scene made also a vivid impression on Christian. But he had not yet trod back half his road, before he ceased to be as calm and cheerful as the lovely nature around him. And should he not be happy ? No heart had, with mutual love, hung upon his, and then faithless left him. He was loved wherever he went, and he could look forward to the coming day without care as to his daily bread. He was as little under the influence of some great man,—no dependent creature who, from gratitude, had to put up with the pride and haughtiness of a patron,—so poor, that he had to thank one for being what he was. Nor had he to endure seeing the object of his love daily court the homage of others !—so perceive how constantly she dreamed of others, whilst she treated him with gentleness, and received his caresses with seeming affection ! He had not to smile at the consciousness of this, so as not to betray his sorrow. His life had been attended with no convulsions of fortune. On his grave the preacher might say : “ His days passed in unvaried contentment ; no tempest burst threateningly over his head. No !—it hung a fixed, invariable dark cloud before his eyes. One might long stare at him, and at last figure to one’s self, that he was gazing on the clear blue heaven.

In his home was no one to welcome<sup>s</sup> him. Here he dwelt alone and forsaken, as, one day, all of us will be lone and forsaken in the grave ! He struck a light, laid down his hat and stick, went into the outhouse to look after the stork, that he found asleep. Then he returned to his room, and opened the blue chest. In the drawer<sup>s</sup> there lay two heavy bags ; he leisurely emptied their contents on the table, counted the shining dollars, folded them in paper, and smiled, as Lucy's children had smiled.

"So much have I already amassed," said he to himself "This store is for *her*. She will one day return in her great need. Her own people will not receive her ; but I will be then a brother to her ; she shall not suffer want." And he smiled again, and thought of the lost Naomi !

"Youthful levity had drawn her out into the world,—that could never end well. One time or other, she would return with a strolling troop—poor and sick !" that he had often dreamed, and he held fast to his dream. How often had he not gone to the inn, or to the next village, when he heard that jugglers were arrived there, and sought Naomi. For her he had stored up by parsimony the shining dollars.

The Bible, the fiddle, and the stork, were his three friends. The bird hopped from out of the garden into the room, flew to the shrubbery on the other side the meadow, and returned again to his perch.

"Wilt thou winter again with me ?" said he to the dumb creature ; "or wilt thou fly with thy fellows to the warm land ? Ah ! let him fly, who can ! I hoped also to go wide away, but I must remain here, and

shall never quit this place. Thou wilt perhaps see her / Haply thou flyest over the grave of my father." And he took a red ribband, and wrote upon it the words, "Greeting from Denmark," bound it round the stork's leg, and said, "Fly away now with the others, and come back again in the spring.—It is now thirteen years since I saw her last. She may have been sore changed in that time; but in my mind she appears ever young and fair, with the same proud look as when she quitted me at the inn. Oh! that I had been as handsome as the rider!" His thoughts flew wide away into the world.

How often are children, not only boys, but girls, more than plain in their youth, and after some years, when their features and forms are developed, we find their ugliness changed into beauty, and love them the more on that account. So also will, after death, in the new existence, those whose exterior repulsed us, gain, and be beloved by us when their hard outlines have changed into beautiful *contours*! Our human envelope is here only a larva,—the ragged beggar may become a stately nobleman, when the attire of poverty falls off! These were Christian's quiet dreams.

September, the glory of Danish nature, was come, then he dreamed of strange things about Naomi, and when he awaked, the dream stood distinctly before his eyes, but in the morning-hour the remembrance of it was gone. All that was present to him was this: she leaned her head on his breast, and said: "I die; grant me a grave in thy flower-garden!"

This dream made him melancholy. He read a hymn, and sought for consolation in his Bible.

## ONLY A FIDDLER.

When, the following day, at noon, he passed through the village, he heard the sound of a trumpet, and shouting and screaming from the peasants and boys. Behind a garden door stood old women, who looked along the village.

"What is there to be seen?" inquired Christian.

"They are players, who are to perform in the inn," was the answer.

And now he saw a man in a dirty and worn-out merry-andrew dress, riding on a wretched animal of a horse. On the knees of the man was seated a little girl with beautiful dark eyes, who held a tambourine in her hand. He called out with a loud voice, that the most splendid play in the world, with moving puppets, would be performed this afternoon in the inn, and at the same time all sorts of inconceivable slights of hand displayed. His face was painted white, and he made the most frightful grimaces. The little girl looked sickly; but as often as he blew the trumpet she struck the tambourine.

Christian thought of his dream—of Naomi. Perhaps it was her husband,—her child! He went to the pot-house.

In the court stood, in the waggon, covered with a canvass tent, the juggler's family;—on the top lay an old counterpane to dry. The wretched theatre was prepared in the stable. The dirty battered puppets were lying about in all directions. A robust woman of dark aspect, and with half-black, half-grey hair, sat on the ground, and was giving the breast to a little boy. A somewhat younger woman was by her side, who was employed in sticking on the forehead and bosom of a large wooden doll some gold paper. Christian spoke

to her; his voice trembled, but he soon perceived that neither of them was Naomi.

How often had he not been deceived in a similar manner? and yet he was glad not to have found the lost one in such company. The spectacle of such poverty, and the remembrance of his dream, haunted him. On his return home he missed the stork. "He will soon come," he thought, and left for that purpose the stable-door open. "Who knows whether he has not sailed with the others over the salt sea. The leaves are every day yellower and yellower."

That night he slept very unquietly, and got up with the sun, and went into the little garden. Naomi had in his dream intreated him to grant her a grave. On a sudden he heard a strange rustling noise, as of wings, over his head, and saw how the storks, by hundreds, were whirling in the air. "They were trying and proving their strength," as people in the country say. He saw how some were overpowered by the others, and hacked to death with their sharp beaks. Then the whole flock, with a general chattering and clattering, mounted high in the air and vanished.

Christian went over the meadow. Here lay seven storks dead on the grass, and feathers were still flying about in all directions.

"Nature gave you not sufficient power of flight, and therefore, poor birds! you must die. You dared not fly into the warmer lands," said he gloomily, as he looked about him. There was one among the number who had a red ribband wound about his leg. Christian lifted him up, and took him in his arms; the creature was still warm; the blood dyed his white feathers, and his long neck hung down dead. It was his stork!

He pressed it to his heart! "Thus is my dream realized," said he.—"Thee, not *her*, I hold in my arms. Thou shalt have a grave under the flowers of my garden!" And he kissed the dead bird, plucked a white and a black feather out of its wings, dug a grave, strewn it with green leaves, laid the stork therein, and covered it over with earth. "The wild rose-tree, full of yellowish green fruit, shadows the grave of the bride."

"Now I am again alone!" sighed the forsaken Christian. "Thou returnest not back to me when the spring returns;—thou liest dead there!—Dead! All must once die!—We must leave all behind! Why do we not live for the passing hour!—Why do we not make ourselves happy? To a certainty I will enjoy right well the last sun-beams of this year;—I will enjoy the clear frosty weather, and greet in joy the coming spring!"

But the winter brought only rain, fog, snow, and gloomy dark days. The boughs in the wood dropped with water; their black twigs were seen through the mist as if veiled in a spider's web. All nature was a lawn, that only after months of torpidity will be animated by the rays of the sun.

Christian grew ill; yet every other Sunday he was a sure and welcome guest at Lucy's house,—but only every other Sunday: so that ~~she was~~ surprised when one week day he came, and looked extraordinarily pale.

"I am right well," said he; "but I have not much to do, and longed after the children; and hence I have come."

He had also some news to tell, but of that he spoke afterwards. The gardener at the Hall had related to



him, that in the new year guests were expected at the Mansion,—a grand French gentleman with his wife; and that this lady was Naomi! That she had already been married to him many years; and that he was rich and of high rank! Then tears came into his eyes. “No!” said he, “I am not well; every trifle goes to my heart.”

Lucy gave him her hand. How solitary and deserted seemed now to him his home! How often had he not counted his treasure? Now the drawer will be no more opened,—the shining dollars no longer counted!

The winter was long, and so dark; but it was a good winter for the poor, people said, for it did not freeze hard.

But there was fog instead,—abundance of fog,—the sky was ever grey. It was an autumn that had gone wide into the spring.

When the cheerful sun shone on the first May-day, Lucy's children stood sorrowfully by Christian's sick-bed. Their mother nursed him.

“Thank thee for all thy love, Lucy!” said he; “there is, notwithstanding, much good in the world, and those in it are good, thou saidst to me, many years ago. The ordinary gifts of men are so great, that it is sinful to require extraordinary abilities from the Divinity. He who is raised high, is exposed to the sharp wind, which we others, who stand lower, are safe from. Knowest thou not the beautiful hymn, ‘In the valley we shall see our Lord?’\* The most eminent of mankind stand in the sun, but the rays consume them.

\* Im Thale wir Rosen bauen, Dort werden wir Jesum erschauen.

We may envy such a man that he possesses a greater susceptibility of enjoyment for all that surrounds him; but even with this active feeling, he suffers from all that troubles him more than we. He gives with his warm heart what we others take coldly,—he invites us to a feast, that he prepares, and we come, like the bad birds, of which I have read, the Harpies, to foul the viands. Wanting in self-wisdom, he lays the blame on the whole human race, whom, some minutes before, he had called good, and overwhelmed with love."

"Our thoughts are idle, our deeds are nought," he continued; "what we call great and immortal, will appear to future generations but scribbling with coal on the walls of a prison. The curious visit it, and look at the hand writing. When I am dead, give thy children my Bible. Therein is a treasure that neither moth nor rust can corrupt. I should like to see Naomi before I die!" he said, with glorified looks! "Yes, I shall see her again, that I feel."

"Talk not of dying!" said Lucy; "thou diest not! We will live together yet many happy years!"

THE swallows were come, and the stork sat on his nest. The Dane was proud of his green forests,—then Lucy crossed the hands of the corpse, pressed down the eye-lids of the dead, and showed the children, for the last time, their dear good Christian; and the little ones sobbed aloud!

"It is well with him!" she said,—“better than it ever was here below!”

The lid of the coffin was nailed down, and the

peasants carried the plain bier out of the house. Lucy, her husband, and children followed the corpse. The road to the church-yard was narrow. There came a splendid equipage drawn by four horses. Those within it were strangers, on their road to the Hall,—the French Marquis and her honour Naomi!

The peasants made room for the great people to pass, respectfully baring their heads; and the honourable Lady Naomi, with her haughty look and fascinating smile, thrust her head out of the window, and returned their salutations.

It was but a poor man,—ONLY A FIDDLER! ;

THE END.

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